

COMFORT

*The Key to Happiness and Success
in over a Million and a Quarter Homes*

DEVOTED TO ART, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND THE HOME CIRCLE

Vol. XIX

May 1907

No. 7



Published at Augusta, Maine

COMFORT

The Key to
Happiness and Success in over
A Million and a Quarter Homes.

Devoted to
Art, Literature, Science, and the Home Circle.

Its Motto Is "Onward and Upward."

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Entered at the Post Office at Augusta, Maine,
as second-class mail matter.

Published Monthly by
W. H. GANNETT, Incorporated,
Augusta, Maine.

New York Office, Flatiron Bldg. Chicago Office, Marquette Bldg.

May, 1907

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Crumbs of Comfort

Men have marble, women waxen, minds.
Religious contention is the devil's harvest.
Divine harmonies result in life's discords.
Err you must, but never be ashamed to own it.

Grace is to the body what good sense is to the mind.
There are some people who give, with the air of refusal.

Merit in appearance is oftener rewarded than merit itself.

Virtue itself offends when coupled with forbidding manners.

Some men are born to be fishermen just as others are born to be poets.

Manners is everything with some people, and something with everybody.

Harmless mirth is the best cordial against the consumption of the spirit.

Man is born to be ploughed with years, sown with cares and reaped by death.

And I oft have heard defended:
Little said is soonest mended.

—George Withers.

Good breeding shows itself most where to an ordinary eye it appears the least.

Method is the hinge of business, and there is no method without order and punctuality.

Many young persons believe themselves to be natural when they are only impolite and coarse.

A weak mind is like a microscope which magnifies trifling things, but cannot receive greater ones.

A memory without blot or contamination must be an exquisite treasure, an inexhaustible source of pure refreshment.

Man is his own star, and the soul that can
Render an honest and a perfect man
Commands all light, all influence, all fate;
Nothing to him falls early, or too late.

—Fletcher.

In the person whose childhood has known caresses, there is always a fiber of memory which can be touched to gentle issues.

The man who has nothing to boast of but his illustrious ancestry, is like a potato—the only good thing belonging to him is underground.

Everyone has before his eyes an end which he pursues till death; but for many that end is a feather which they blow before them in the air.

Thoughts take up no room. When they are good they afford a portable pleasure, which one may travel with without any trouble or encumbrance.

Treason doth never prosper.

What's the reason?

Why, if it prosper,

None dare call it treason.

—Harrington.

The angels may have wider spheres of action, may have nobler forms of duty than ourselves, but right, with them as with us, is one and the same thing.

We may imitate the Deity in all His attributes, but mercy is the only one in which we can pretend to equal Him. We cannot, indeed, give like God, but surely we may forgive like Him.

Prepare yourself for the world as the athletes of old did for their exercises—oil your mind and your manners to give them the necessary suppleness and flexibility. Strength alone will not do.

A Few Words by the Editor

'Tis like the birthday of the world,
When earth was born in bloom;
The light is made of many dyes,
The air is all perfume.
There's crimson buds, and white and blue,
The very rainbow showers
Have turned to blossoms where they fell,
And sown the earth with flowers.

—Hood.

REMEMBER, directly your subscription expires your paper stops, so renew your sub today, don't put it off until tomorrow, or you may miss an issue, and thus lose several chapters of the stories you are so deeply interested in. We do not mail back issues, so send in your renewals at once if you want your COMFORT to come to you without the annoyance of missing the very issue you most wanted to see.

Longfellow's centennial has once more drawn attention to America's favorite poet, and current magazines are filled with articles touching upon the life and work of one, who will ever be dear to the American heart. It has been fashionable of late to criticize Longfellow; some even have gone so far as to say that he did not write poetry at all, but merely rhymed prose. This is cheap criticism of the same sort that has been hurled at Dickens, and all other men who have appealed more to the people's hearts, than to their brains. Longfellow's verse is beautiful in its simplicity, even a child can understand it. To understand Browning, societies have to meet, and guess what he means, without ever knowing exactly what he does mean. We need no Longfellow societies to boost his work, or to delve into the mysteries of his verse, and search for hidden meanings. True greatness consists in one's ability to win the love of one's fellow men, and this Longfellow succeeded in doing, as no other poet ever has done.

Children for countless generations, will, in their school days learn "The Wreck of the Hesperus," "Excelsior," "Hiawatha," and "The Psalm of Life." It is doubtful if anything will ever replace these poems in the hearts of the people. Longfellow's popularity is even greater in England than it is here, and it is a great shock to the English youths, when they discover Longfellow is an American and not an Englishman, for he is the poet of the sober English nature, and doubtless would have been made poet Laureate had he been born in Britain. His spotless life, and noble, beautiful character, made a deep impression upon the times in which he lived. Longfellow's critics will pass away, and be forgotten, but Henry Wadsworth Longfellow will go down the ages, loved more and more by each succeeding generation.

Thomas Edison, the electrical wizard, and king of inventors, celebrated his sixtieth birthday recently, and upon that occasion he made this remark: "We don't know anything, probably in 500 years, we shall have collected enough data to suspect." The world ought to thank Thomas Edison for this remark, for the world of today is a very conceited one. We have got into the habit of believing that the people of this century are strictly "it," and we think we know everything, or nearly everything, and that there is very little left to find out. As a matter of fact, we are only on the threshold of knowledge, and have only begun to peer into the wonderland of science, of which centuries hence we may begin to know something worth while. At present we see as through a glass darkly, and peer into the Unknown, and surmise and guess, guess and surmise, and that is as far as we get. We are still in the Kindergarten class, mere infants grappling with the A. B. C. of knowledge, and it will be many centuries hence before mankind quits groping in the dark and graduates into the light, and can say "The riddle of the Universe is solved, I have passed through the unknown, and now I know what knowledge and wisdom mean." We must grope through the centuries until that day comes, and many an Edison, many a Marconi, many a Kelvin will have to be born, and lend their genius to investigation and experiment, and grapple with mighty problems and bring to light forces and powers of which we at present in our wildest dreams cannot conceive, before mankind can begin to put himself on the map, and say, "Now I really know something." We are very big people in our own estimation, but the people who will live one hundred years hence, will look back upon this age with contempt, and regard us as little better than savages. There is all the more reason therefore, that we should strive and delve and do our best in our particular sphere, so that the time that must lapse between ignorance and knowledge may be shortened, and man may enter into the heritage of knowledge and wisdom, which God Almighty intended to be his.

The Dry Farming Congress, attended by representatives of sixteen states, lately met in Denver, to discuss the most feasible and practical methods for bringing under cultivation the uplands of the semi-arid regions. Dry farming enthusiasts claim, that even in the foothills of the Rockies, farming can be carried on, and certain kinds of crops raised. The dry farm plan is this: The surface of the ground is thoroughly pulverized, and a dust blanket is thus secured, and this dust blanket readily absorbs and retains all moisture. The farmers plan to keep all the rainfall on the land, instead of letting it evaporate, or run into the streams and rivers, which in turn convey it to the ocean. Dry farmers claim that a full crop can be secured every two years, if the present rainfall, which is above the average, is maintained in the semi-arid section.

The Government will shortly establish experiment stations in this region. From these, the dry farmers will learn what crops are liable to grow best under the conditions which will obtain in these elevated areas. The fact that the Government has taken up this matter, goes to prove that the dry farming advocates have a fair assurance of success. Had any attempt been made to raise crops in this region a few years ago, such attempts would have been poohed as ridiculous and impossible. Science is ever making the impossible, possible, and the upland plains may yet produce good crops, and add to the national wealth. The Government Bureau is of the opinion that the climate of the high plains has not materially changed, and so the present rainfall may be succeeded by seasons of drought. Dry farming is at present in the experimental stages, and the

matter had best be approached cautiously, ere one listens too readily to the optimistic views of those who have land to sell in the semi-arid belt.

Uncle Sam is trying to improve the conditions of his people in every walk of life, and has just issued some good books for the improvement of stock. We thus call our readers' attention to the books, "For Farmers and Stock Raisers," published by the United States Government. A careful reading will convince one of their inestimable value. See notice on page 7.

The Cleveland public schools are going to adopt some very sensible methods of education. Girls are to be taught how to sweep, cook, economize in household expenses, how to make their own clothing, take care of babies, and how to care for the sick, so that in the future years, when their husbands and children have a spell of illness, they will know how to nurse them properly.

Professor Hicks who is at the head of this movement says: "The average girl who marries nowadays is utterly ignorant of the duties the average man expects her to perform as his wife. She knows nothing of cooking usually, she must be taught how to care for an invalid, she must learn how to care for babies. Thousands of children are daily sacrificed during the hot summer days to motherly ignorance."

In New York City, a trained nurse has been placed in each public school, and the wretched physical condition of many of the children prove the intense ignorance of the majority of parents. In many cases the nurses have interviewed the mothers, and instructed them as to how to care for their children. Very often children are sent to school afflicted with various diseases and ailments, which owe their origin to neglect and ignorance, as much as to lack of proper care and nourishment. Women struggling with poverty, living in filthy tenements, into many of the rooms of which the sunlight never enters, cannot be expected to have much knowledge of hygiene, sanitation, diet, and the laws governing health.

Education should be practical, for its main object is to fit children for the life in which they are to enter. We find children with a smattering of Latin, and the classics, who cannot handle a needle or prepare a simple meal. We are what we eat. Good cooking usually means good digestion, and the banishing of dyspepsia and its kindred ailments, and the culinary art should be taught to every girl in the land. Latin can be dispensed with, but we cannot get along without well-cooked meals.

The care of the home, and domestic science should be taught to every child. It is ignorance of domestic science that makes the care of the home irksome and tiresome to many of our young matrons. The girl who has had a proper home training, under a good mother of the old school, takes pleasure in her domestic work, and her home life. Such a woman, with very little training could run almost any business, and run it successfully. Whatever else is taught in school, of one thing we are positive, nothing will aid so much to make this a healthy, happy, contented nation, as teaching domestic science. We trust that other states will follow the example the public schools of Cleveland have set in this matter, and if they do, happier homes and fewer divorces will be the result.

Your friend,
Comfort's Editor.

Current Topics

Henry Watterson is said to be working on the "Life of Lincoln" while in Europe.

The Jamestown Exposition police will consist of a hundred men, known as the Powhatan Guards.

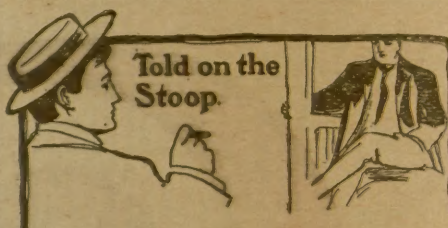
Chilpancingo and Chilapa, Mexico towns of 7,000 and 15,000 population were visited by an earthquake April 15th. Eleven persons were killed at Chilpancingo, while the reports possibly exaggerated were of hundreds dead at Chilapa.

It is estimated by the Department of Agriculture that last year's crop was produced and gathered at a saving of \$85,000,000 over what would have been the cost of raising an equal crop 50 years ago. The saving was accomplished by the use of modern agricultural implements.

The Olympia, the flagship of Admiral Dewey during the memorable battle of Manila Bay, on the morning of May 1, 1898, is now at the Norfolk Navy Yard being fitted out for use as a training ship for midshipmen at the Naval Academy, with quarters for 350 midshipmen at a total cost to the Government of \$60,000.

In the future, all officers and enlisted men will wear, by general order, whenever in field uniform, an identification tag which will be issued by the Quartermaster's Department, at cost price to officers, and without charge to men. The name, rank, company, regiment or corps of the wearer will appear on the tag. It is ordered that when not worn as directed, it shall be regarded as part of the uniform, and be habitually kept in possession of the owner. The tag is of aluminum, about the size of a half dollar, and will be worn suspended from the neck, beneath the clothing.

Former Congressman Galusha A. Grow died March 31st aged 88 years. He was elected, in 1850, the youngest member of the Thirty-second Congress from Pennsylvania. He was chosen Speaker of the House of Representatives in the Thirty-seventh Congress and held that position during the first two years of the war. In 1864 he came within one vote of being nominated for Vice President instead of Andrew Johnson and of being successor to Lincoln. Forty years later he was elected Congressman-at-Large and rounded his Congressional career with eight more years, a score in all. His greatest public service was as the "father" of the Homestead act, through which measure many million acres of Western farm lands were opened up to settlement by homesteaders, which did more than any other one thing for the development of the great West.



A Dinner of Odd Guests

"Possibly you don't know it," said the man who knows a lot about the giving of dinners in New York to distinguished people, "but the number of applications that are sent in for invitations are simply astounding. There are grounds for some of them—a person who should be invited may have been overlooked, or for some reason an invitation was not sent where it should have gone—but most of them come from people who have no claim whatever to be invited to such affairs. Where the dinner is to be so much per plate, a little laxity is permitted and not a few are invited who wouldn't have been if they had not applied. But what right has a man to ask to be invited to a dinner given at the cost of someone else, yet they do it, just the same, and on that hangs the thread of my story. A year or so ago a friend of mine who has money enough to entertain as high as a hundred people at a dinner of honor to some prominent guest, and frequently gives dinners of from twenty to fifty covers, concluded, on the suggestion of a Stock Exchange practical joker, to announce a dinner to a certain man of prominence, who is a joker himself. It was to be a hundred-plate dinner, the guests to include business men, officials and professional men. Announcements were made three weeks in advance, but no invitations were sent. The dinner giver had another object in view. By the end of the first week he had fifty applications. Invitations were promptly sent to all of these. By the end of the second week he had about eight-five more. You see the invitees had been talking about the dinner to their friends, though it is not probable that they told how they secured their invitations. By the middle of the third week twenty-five more came in. A hundred and sixty in all. Then the dinner giver wanted to quit, but the other two men were for carrying it to a finish, even going so far as to agree to pay all expenses, but the other man wouldn't have it, and he became suddenly and dangerously ill. At last, it was so reported, and the dinner was called off. I really think the man should have gone on with it, and when he had that bunch of self-invited guests at the festal board he should have amused them by telling them how they happened to be there. It might not have been very agreeable, possibly, to any of them, but what a useful lesson it might have been."

The State of the Case

"Once upon a time," said the drummer for a New York house, "I used to live in the suburbs of the big town, just as a good many do who can't afford the high rents of the metropolis, and I used to get home at all sorts of hours. One night I came in about twelve o'clock, and I took the back way for a short cut. It brought me through a part of my lot I had devoted to chicken culture, and there I caught a ducky who was well known about the town, but not for his strict honesty, though he was not a real 'bad nigger.' Naturally enough, I asked him what he was doing there at that hour. 'Deed, boss,' said he, shaking in his shoes, 'I dunno. I reckon mebbe I'se walkin' in my sleep.' I objected to that explanation and called for something more explanatory. 'Deed, boss, I'se so plump skeert to death dat I'se speechless. 'Deed I is.' That wouldn't go either, and after more talk I told him at last unless he told me what he was doing there I would turn him over to the police. This was his chance, and he chuckled after the dark manner. 'Deed, boss,' he explained glibly, 'I ain't doin' nuffin'. Nuffin a-tall, boss. But ef you hadn't come erlong jis' ez you did, I spects I'd a done sumpin' er other to some o' dem pullets o' your'n caze dey's pow'ful fat an' juicy jis' erbout now. 'Deed dey is, boss, an' you can't expect too much grace I'm a po' weak vessel' like I is, undah great temptations, boss. 'Deed you can't. Good ebenin', boss,' and before I could lecture him a little and let him go fair, he made a break for the fence, jumped it and disappeared."

A Lady Town

"What I like to see," said a gallant gentleman with a flower in his buttonhole and an odor of violets on his handkerchief, "is the ladies bossing the push. The ladies, God bless 'em, can do no wrong. Wherever they run things you can bet—but you mustn't let them know you are gambling—that everything will be done according to Hoyle—I apologize; Hoyle was a man. I mean Mrs. Hoyle. Now there is the town of East Clarion, Ohio, for example. The post-office is in charge of Miss Nellie Cleator, as charming and accomplished a girl as ever lived. Then the public schools are conducted by Mrs. Anne Mawson, a delightful matron, with all lady teachers. The church choir, in which there is never a row, is led by Mrs. Eva Armstrong, with all lady voices. Need I say the fair leader is a bird, as are her associates? The superintendent of the Sunday school is Mrs. Nellie Hale, and everyone of her scholars has wings sprouting. The Shaw Hotel—I paid my bill there, like a gentleman—is conducted by Mrs. Phoebe Shaw to the Queen's taste. There hasn't been a man doctor in town for years, and the husbands of such ladies as have those incumbencies are skilled in housework and can wallop a dishrag around a skillet almost as gracefully as if they had been born that way.

"Here's to the ladies!
At first the Creator
Made them man's equal,
But now they are greater."

Curious Political Precaution

It is, perhaps, not generally known, but it is a fact that the President and Vice-President of the United States never travel by rail together. It is one of the precautionary measures that hedge about the lives of the two foremost men in the National Government, the idea being that, if an accident upon the rail should cause the death of one of the illustrious men, the other would still be spared to the country. It was for this reason that ex-President Cleveland invariably rode upon the Pennsylvania Railway when he journeyed from the capital to Philadelphia or New York, and Vice-President Stevenson traveled by the Baltimore and Ohio route.

IN & AROUND The HOME

CONDUCTED BY MRS. WHEELER WILKINSON

Terms Used in Crochet

Ch. chain; ch. st. chain stitch; s. c. single crochet; d. c. double crochet (thread over once); tr. c. treble crochet (thread over twice); dtr. double treble crochet (thread over three times); l. c. long crochet; r. st. roll stitch; l. loop; p. picot; r. p. roll picot; sl. st. slip stitch; k. st. knot stitch; sts. stitches; blk. block; sps. spaces; * stars mean that the directions given between them should be repeated as indicated before proceeding.

Terms Used in Knitting

k. knit plain; o. over; o. 2, over twice; n. narrow 2 stitches together; p. purr; sl. slip a stitch; tog. together; b. bind; stars and parenthesis indicate repetition.

Terms Used in Tatting

d. s. double stitch; p. picot; l. p. long picot; ch. chain; d. k. double knot; pkt. picot and knot together. * indicates a repetition.

Washable Sofa Pillow Cover

THIS pillow cover is made of white lawn squares, decorated with crocheted cherries and leaves, joined together with lace insertion and edged with lace.

To Make the Cherries

Use red silk, and begin by making a chain of five, six or eight stitches, according to the size you wish your cherry, join and work once around with double crochet, filling the ring well.

To Make the Leaves

Use green silk. Begin with ch. of 12 or 14 sts. Turn, 1 s. c. in each st. to the end of the ch., 1 s. c. in the end, and continue down the other side of the chain, then instead of going around and around, when the starting point is reached, turn, and make 1 s. c. in each s. c., excepting the last at the point, * ch. 1, turn, sl. 1, 1 s. c. in each st., excepting the last on the opposite side. Repeat from * to * until the leaf is of suitable size. The stems are chain st. Arrange in any way fancy dictates, and button-hole places. Make as much variety as possible, so the clusters will not have a stiff appearance, and do not put the same number of leaves and cherries in each bunch. When finished the effect is similar to solid embroidery, is nearly as pretty, and has the advantage of being much more rapidly done.

MRS. L. JAMES.

Lamp Mat

Make a chain of nine stitches, join in a ring. 1st row.—Ch. 24, fasten with 1 d. c. in ring, repeat 12 times, ch. 12, make an extra long st. in ring, putting thread 10 times in order to make the length of 12 ch., or you may make 13 loops of 24 ch., break and fasten thread, then fasten in at the top of loop again, or work to top of loop with sl. st.

2nd row.—Ch. 3, 3 r. st. in top of 1, (beginning 1st group with 3 ch. for 1st tr.) * ch. 9, 3 r. st. in top of next 1, repeat from * all around, fasten last 9 ch. to top of 3 ch.

3rd row.—Ch. 5, fasten in 5th st. of 9 ch., 5, fasten in same place, ch. 5, fasten in 2nd. of 3 tr., repeat from * all around, joining where started.

4th row.—Work up with sl. st. to 1. of 6 ch., ch. 5, for 1st dtr. make 2 more dtr. in 1, keeping top st. of each on the hook, draw through all 4 sts. at once, ch. 7, make another group of 3 dtr. like 1st group, ch. 7, make another group like 2nd preceding groups, and repeat in every 1. of 6 ch. all around, joining to top of 1st group at the end.

5th row.—Make 10 d. c. over 7 ch., ch. 5, 10 d. c. over next 7 ch., and repeat from * all around.

6th row.—Sl. st. up to top of 10 d. c., and under 1. of 5 ch. make 6 r. st. (beginning with 4 ch. for 1st), under next 5 ch., * ch. 11, 6 r. st. under next 5 ch. around, joining last 11 ch. to top of 4 ch. at beginning.

7th row.—Make a d. c. in every st. all around.

8th row.—Ch. 4, a r. st. in every st. all around, join to top of 4 ch.

9th row.—A d. c. in every stitch all around.

10th row.—* ch. 4, sl. 1, a d. c. in next; repeat around.

11th row.—* ch. 5, fasten in 4 ch.; repeat.

12th row.—* ch. 5, fasten in 5 ch., repeat.

13th row.—* sl. st. under following 5 ch., ch. 4 for 1st d. c., 5 r. st. under same 5 ch., * ch. 6, sl. 1, fasten in next, ch. 6, sl. 1, 6 r. st. in next; repeat from * all around, joining last 6 ch. to top of 4 ch. at beginning.

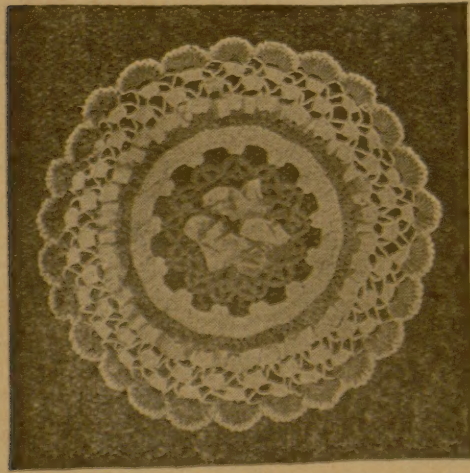
14th row.—Make a d. c. in each of 5 r. st., * ch. 10, a d. c. in each of 6 r. st., and repeat from * all around, joining last 10 ch. to 1st d. c.

15th row.—Sl. st. across 5 d. c. and up to 3rd of 10 ch., ch. 4 for 1st 5 r. st. under 10 ch., * ch. 6, fasten in middle of 6 r. st., ch. 6, 6 r. st. under 11 ch.; repeat around.

16th row.—Like 14th row.

17th row.—Like 15th row.

18th row.—* ch. 7, fasten in 8th roll, ch. 10.



LAMP MAT.

fasten in 1st of next group of r. st.; repeat all around.

19th row.—Catch under 7 ch., ch. 5, a r. st. under 7 ch., ch. 1, a r. st. under same, 7 ch. 8 times, * fasten in center of 10 ch., 10 r. st., 1 ch.,

ch. between each under next 7 ch., repeat from * around, joining after last fastening to 4th st. of ch. at beginning.

20th row.—Ch. 4, fasten under next 1 ch. 9 times, working around each scallop in like manner, fasten securely, and cut thread.

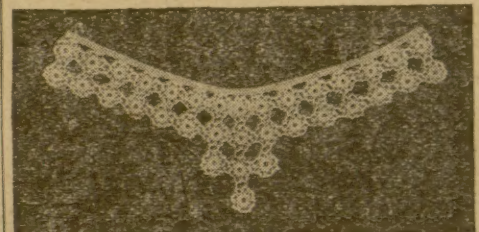
MRS. ALLIE PARK.

Crocheted Medallion Collar

Material used, one spool of No. 50 thread. Begin by making a chain of ten stitches, join.

1st row.—24 d. c. under the ch.

2nd row.—Ch. 8, catch in the 5th st., this makes a picot, ch. 5, catch in first st., ch. 5, catch in the same st., 1 d. c. in first d. c. of last



CROCHETED MEDALLION COLLAR.

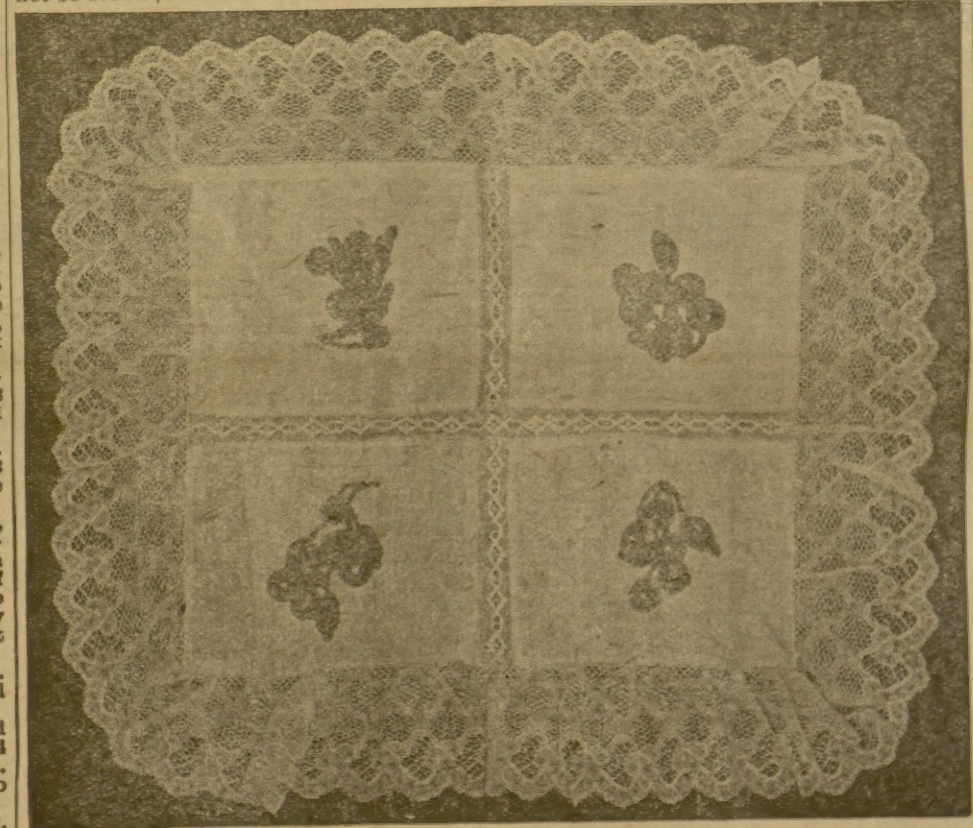
row, sl. 2, 1 d. c. in 2nd d. c. of last row, ch. 5 catch in 1st st., ch. 5, catch in same st., 1 d. c. in 2nd d. c. of last row, sl. 2 d. c., 1 d. c. in the 3rd d. c. of last row. Repeat until all around.

The medallions can be crocheted together as they are made, or joined neatly after all are finished.

MISS JENNIE MADSEN.

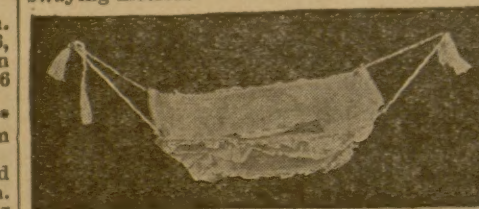
A Baby's Hammock

It is a rather modern idea that babies should not be rocked, and there is not the slightest



WASHABLE SOFA PILLOW COVER.

reason for it if babies will be still and go to sleep without it, but most babies are soothed and lulled to sleep more easily by a gentle swaying motion.



HOME-MADE HAMMOCK FOR BABY.

For a baby of this sort, a hammock makes a most desirable bed, in it he can take his naps in the open air until September or October, when the weather is not stormy. Besides the healthfulness of sleeping out of doors, which acts like a tonic, a baby will sleep much longer for often if he stirs and begins to waken he can be turned over to give him a change of position, and the hammock getting a gentle stir rocks him off into the land of Nod again.

This gives a tired mother a chance for rest and also work, for in the summer months there is much which can be done in the open where one can have the benefit of fresh air and refreshing breezes.

In the winter it is also a blessing, for it can be easily hung to screw hooks or big nails anywhere, at any angle, across a corner of a room out of draughts. There baby is safe and there are no rockers to stumble over.

All that is needed to make one, which will be better for this purpose in every way, than a ready-made one is two and one half yards of ticking, duck, Indian head or any other material which is similar and equally strong. One yard of lighter goods for ruffles, two wooden rods, four screw eyes, two screw hooks, strong cord, and some ordinary wire fencing.

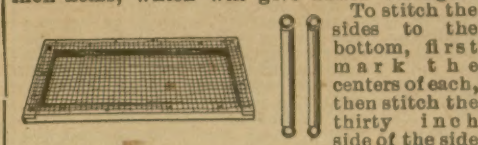
For the bottom of the hammock cut a piece of material five feet long and in either end, turn and stitch down hems, one and one half inches wide to form casings for the rods.

For the sides cut two pieces four feet long, fold in the center and measure along one

selvedge fifteen inches from the center towards the ends, cut from this point across the cloth on a slant, to the end of the other side.

Unfold the cloth and you will have two pieces, each measuring thirty inches along on one side, with slanting ends to the opposite side which measures four feet.

On both of these pieces along the four-foot sides, turn and stitch on the side which will be on the inside of the hammock three fourths inch hems, which will give added strength.



SPRING AND RODS.

bottom piece, after which stitch the slanting sides in place, this will draw the one piece which forms the bottom up into shape at either end as shown in the illustration. Each seam should be stitched several times, and the ends of the casings bound.

A finishing touch which makes the little hammock more dainty and baby-like is given by cutting and hemming ruffles, then stitching them in place, through the center, put these along the four edges of each side.

After putting the screw eyes in the rods, put the rods through the side casings and screw eyes and tie together.

To make a little spring like the one illustrated make a frame twenty by thirty inches and stretch across it ordinary wire fencing, nail in place.

Hammocks made of white Indian head with lawn ruffles are very dainty and can be easily laundered by removing the rods and cords. For use in very warm climates coarse lace or net can be used for the sides.

Striped tickings trimmed with solid colors are durable, and especially desirable where the lessening of work is an object.

Another advantage in having a hammock baby-tender, is that baby can be wrapped up as little or much as is necessary to suit the atmosphere. For warm weather fold and lay in only a light quilt, then a little sheet, the tiny pillow, and after baby is in, some light covering and a mosquito net if necessary.

For cool weather use a feather bed, blankets and warm quilts.



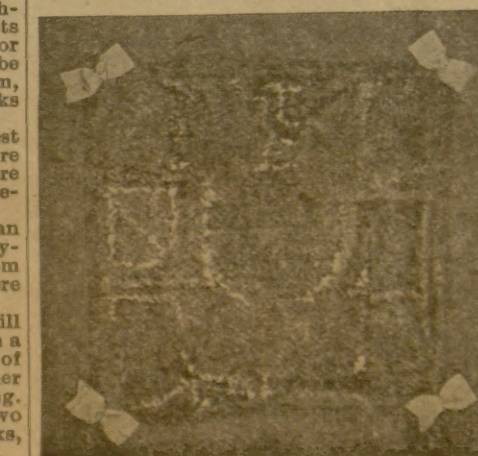
Anyone who tries this convenient addition to the nursery I think will agree that there is no more healthful, sanitary, safe and easy way of taking care of a baby.

S. J. S.

Hooked-in Lamp Mat

These little mats can be made of odds and ends of everything, but still it is best to put all of the same material together; that is, make one of all woolen pieces and another of silk, rather than combine the two.

For the foundation take a piece of cotton sacking and cut it the size you wish, then for a design cut patterns of leaves or anything from paper, pin them in place and run a thread around to make the outline. Have your material all ready cut into fine strips and hold it on the underside, bringing up through with a crochet hook. Draw each loop up enough to well cover the foundation and when all are



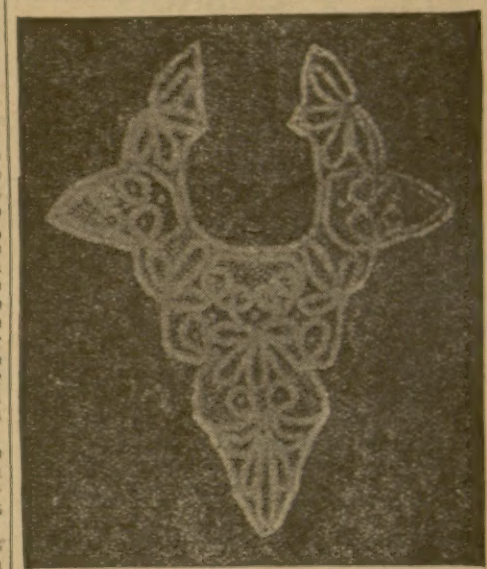
HOOKE-IN LAMP MAT.

pulled in clip each and then even by trimming all over. Finish by binding all around.

MRS. E. RUTHERFORD.

Battenberg Lace

Lace in an endless variety is seen this year on dresses and waists of all sorts, and a touch



BATTENBERG CHEMISETTE.

of it is added to neckties, parasols and hats. Collars, berthas and chemisettes will also be even more popular than ever this season. We illustrate an especially charming design which could be used equally well as a chemisette, or yoke in a waist. It is developed of



INSERTION FOR CURTAIN.

FIG. 1.

fine Battenberg braid and fancy stitches, and though it is an exceedingly graceful design, is not at all difficult to do, if one has the talent and skill for these sometimes intricate stitches.

Lovers of this particular kind of needlework, could make attractive curtains by using heavier thread and following the simple patterns illustrated in Figs. 1 and 2, the stitches of which are very simple. Any number of designs may be suggested, and a little ingenuity will enable one to make not only durable, but attractive patterns for their curtains.

Fleur-de-lis Lace

1st row.—1 tr. in 4 st., ch. 2, 1 tr. in 2 st., forming a space. Repeat 23 times, ch. 4, turn.

2nd row.—1 tr. on tr., make 8 sp., 10 tr. in next 3 sps., 11 sps., shell in last sp. by making 3 d. c., ch. 1, 3 d. c., ch. 4, turn.

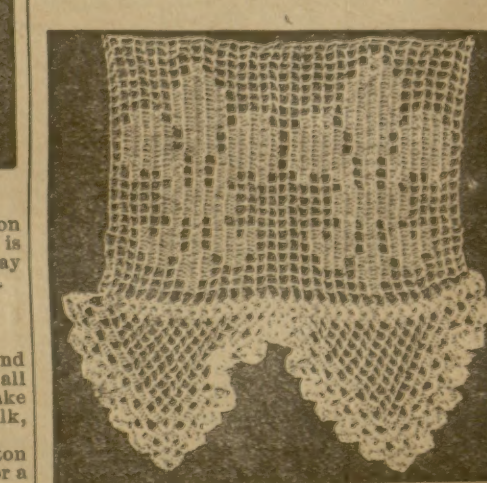
3rd row.—Shell in shell, 10 sps., 18 tr., 7 sps., ch. 4, turn.

4th row.—7 sps., 13 tr. on 13 tr., 5 sps., 7 tr. in 2 sps., 4 sps., shell in shell, ch. 2 in tr. in last tr. of shell, ch. 2, sl. 21, tr. in ch. 2, 2 sps., ch. 4, turn.

5th row.—1 tr. on tr., make 3 sps., shell in shell, 3 sps., 7 tr., 6 sps., 13 tr. on 13 tr., 7 sps., ch. 4, turn.

6th row.—8 sps., 13 tr., 1 sp., 7 tr. in next 2 sps., 1 sp., 10 tr., 3 sps., shell in shell, ch. 2, 1 tr. in last tr. of shell making 4 sps., ch. 4, turn.

7th row.—1 tr. on tr. 5 sps., shell in shell, 4



FLEUR-DE-LIS LACE.

sps., 25 tr., 2 sps., 10 tr. in next 3 sps., 5 sps., ch. 4, turn.

8th row.—4 sps., 19 tr., 3 sps., 7 tr. on tr., 3 sps., 7 tr. in 2 sps., 2 sps., shell in shell, 1 tr. on last tr. of shell, 6 sps., ch. 4, turn.

9th row.—1 tr. on tr., 7 sps., shell in shell, 1 sp., 55 tr., 3 sps., ch. 4, turn.

10th row.—4 sps., 19 tr., 3 sps., 7 tr. on tr., 3 sps., 7 tr. on tr., 2 sps., shell in shell, ch. 2, 1 tr. in last tr. of shell, 5 sps., ch. 4, turn.

11th row.—1 tr. on tr., 9 sps., shell in shell, 4 sps., 25 tr., 2 sps., 10 tr., 5 sps., ch. 4, turn.

12th row.—8 sps., 13 tr., 1 sp., 7 tr., 1 sp., 10 tr., 3 sps., shell in shell, 1 tr. in last tr. of shell, 10 sps., ch. 4, turn.

13th row.—1 tr. on tr., 11 sps., shell in shell, 3 sps., 7 tr. on 7 tr., 6 sps., 13 tr., 7 sps., ch. 4, turn.

14th row.—7 sps., 13 tr. on 13 tr., 5 sps., 7 tr., 3 sps., shell in shell, ch. 2, 4 tr. in first sp., ch. 2, sl. 2, 4 tr. in next sp., 6 times, ch. 2, 4 tr. in same sp., ch. 2, sl. 2, 4 tr. in next sp., 6 times, ch. 4, turn.

15th row.—4 tr. in 1 sp., ch. 2, sl. 2, 4 tr. in next sp., 6 times, ch. 2, 4 tr. in same sp., ch. 2, sl. 2, 4 tr. 7 times, shell in shell, 10 sps., 16 tr., 7 sps., ch. 4, turn.

16th row.—8 sps., 10 tr., 11 sps., shell in shell, ch. 2, 1 shell in first sp., ch. 2, 1 shell in second sp., 14 times around scallop, fasten to lace at beginning of scallop, ch. 4, turn.

17th row.—4 tr. in shell, 2 sts., 4 tr. in same shell, ch. 1, fasten with a c. between shells, ch. 1, 4 tr. in next shell, ch. 2, 4 tr. in same shell 14 times, this finishes the scallop, shell in shell, 21 spaces.

MRS. C. C. SPRUNG.



Points to Remember

- Always write on one side of the paper only and leave space between the lines.
- Write recipes, hints and requests on separate paper instead of including them in the letters.
- Mail all letters at least THREE MONTHS before the issue for which they are intended.
- Always give your correct name and address, as no letter will be published excepting over it. This enables the sisters to write directly to each other.
- Do not write for samples or patterns of the fancy work which have appeared. When publishing any particular piece of work, we give the plainest possible directions for making and usually illustrate it. It is absolutely useless for you to write for more information, or for samples, or patterns of anything unless stated that they can be supplied.
- As it has come to our notice that sisters have been asking certain sums for information and patterns that should have been furnished free, we here give notice that no charge should be made or money asked for any of our assistance or information which have or will appear in any letters here published; should there be, kindly notify us, and the offender will be denied the further use of these columns. As this department is run solely to afford an opportunity for the mutual exchange of ideas, recipes, and helpful information, we do not intend it to be used by anyone for a commercial purpose.
- Do not send us exchange notices; we have no exchange column, and cannot publish them.
- Do not ask us to publish letters referring to money in any way, such as requesting donations or offering articles for sale. Much as we sympathize with the endeavoring and unfortunate it is impossible to do this as we would be flooded with similar requests.
- Do not request souvenir postals unless you have complied with the conditions which entitle you to such a notice. See offer.
- All subscribers are cordially invited to write to this department and all stand on an equal chance of having their letters appear, whether they are old or new members. As our space is limited, naturally the most interesting helpful letters are selected.
- Write fully of your views and ideas, yourself and home surroundings, "give as freely as ye receive," but if your first letter does not appear, do not feel utterly discouraged. Remember the old adage, "If at first you don't succeed, try, try again."
- Address all letters for this department to MRS. WHEELER WILKINSON, care COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

DEAR SISTERS ONE AND ALL:

During the last few weeks letters have come in so rapidly it has been impossible for each to find a place in these columns; as we will be unusually crowded for room for a few months, and many of you will be getting impatient and dissatisfied because your letters have not appeared, it seems best to give the pith of as many as possible, rather than fewer entirely, although many thus omitted are entertaining, interesting and well merit a place.

Mrs. N. D. Sawyer, Elizabeth City, N. C. Write to Mrs. Stewart for pattern of baby's shoe, whose address is given below.

Mrs. A. G. Katzur. Both of the designs you submitted have already appeared in COMFORT. Mrs. R. Templeton, Chicago, Ill. Your letter received but you neglected to give your complete address. Send me a postal giving it please, and your requests will appear.

In response to a request, Mrs. M. L. Tate, Ellsworth, Maine, sends the following remedy for

Salt Rheum

Three ounces of yellow dock root, two ounces hithersweet bark of root, two ounces spikard root, one fourth ounce of blood root, one half ounce of golden seal, two ounces of yellow parilla. Steep in a covered kettle in three quarts of soft water for four hours, let settle, strain and add one and one half pounds sugar, simmer down to one and one half pints. Dose, one full teaspoonful four times a day, an hour before each meal and before retiring.

Mrs. C. E. Stewart, Hill City, Kans., also suggests the following to be applied externally:

Add three eighth ounces of beeswax to a pint of castor-oil, beat together and stir until like vaseline; apply freely to affected parts.

"Grandma Hattie," Woodbury, Ga. Will you please send Mrs. F. W. Weaver, 176 Berkshire St., Providence, R. I., your correct address as she wishes to write you.

Kate Jackson, Lawton, R. F. D., 1, Okla., makes a good suggestion. She writes: "Blackening my kitchen stove brings to mind a grievance I have wanted to share for sometime. Is there any special need of all the nicker plate and rough places, excepting to increase a woman's work? Not only stoves but many other things we use seem especially designed to catch dirt and make extra work. Can't we busy wives and mothers start a crusade and refuse, as far as we can, to buy such articles? A few hints to manufacturers will go a long way, for if we create a demand, they will make haste to supply it. When we look at furniture with all the carvings, which I am pleased to say is fast 'going out' at glassware which requires a brush to clean 'the crevices, at china with its rough surface and square corners, we discover some of the things that create unnecessary nerve wear. Let dealers know that you prefer plainer things."

She also inquires if any sister knows of the cause or any relief for a dull ache or pain under the left shoulder blade.

A COMFORT sister invites us all to the Jamestown Exposition and requests that each wear a bright new key so we can easily recognize each other. Surely a bright idea. She also adds: I am a widow with three little girls to support and am another of the lonesome ones. I should be pleased to receive letters, also cotton pieces for patchwork.

Mrs. L. L. HOWERTON, Poncan, Va.

From Missouri comes the following:

I have received no much information from these letters that I will try to return the favor.

To make a good serviceable rug, tear your old pieces into strips one half inch wide, and sew end to end as if you were going to make carpet balls, then back them and color them. Knit blocks of suitable size and join together.

Next comes a brave little girl of eighteen, who cares for an invalid mother and does all the housework. She requests seeds for a COMFORT garden, and letters, then winds up with these hints which may help many an older housekeeper:

Salt applied to a burn will bring quick relief.

Salt and vinegar will remove tea stains from cups.

Salt and soda are excellent for bee stings and spider bites.

Salt thrown on soot which has fallen on the carpet will prevent a stain.

Salt put on ink when freshly spilled on carpet will remove the spot.

Salt will help revive a low coal fire.

Salt used before sweeping carpets will prevent moths.

Salt used to settle coffee improves its flavor. A pinch only is necessary.

Miss VERA HENSON, Piedmont, Mo.

From Washington comes this:

For many years this interesting magazine has been a welcome visitor in our family. A week ahead the children begin to count the days until COMFORT comes. Then it is in the hand of someone every minute, even when our bookish girl is ex-

ceeded from the table because of eagerness to finish the last story.

Ours is a busy life. We are ranchers in Okanogan County. For sixteen years we have lived on the banks of this sluggish stream and longed for the coming of the oft-promised railroad which will bring us closer to the outside world and furnish a certain market for our produce. However, there are many pleasures connected with such a life. Except in case of accidents, of which we have had our share, the visit of a doctor is unusual, he would have quite a ride as our community is thinly settled. State land lies on one side and across the river is the Colville Indian Reservation.

We enjoy to the fullest the delights of boating and fishing. The head of our family being a good shot our table is frequently supplied with choice game. This season we have had four large geese, twenty ducks, and perhaps thirty prairie chickens. I especially enjoy the needlework department as I embroider, crochet, knit and often receive helpful ideas. I have a large family to care for but would be pleased to hear from any of the readers and will try to answer all letters.

Mrs. H. D. DEVLAND, Ophir, Wash.

Mrs. D. I thought best not to mention your offer, as you would probably be deluged with replies. Better send in the pattern and directions sometime and possibly we can use it.—Editor.

Mrs. Anton Johnson, Dogtooth, N. Dak., says: Do you know if you wish to mend a dish, tie it firmly together and boil it six hours in milk, and then let it dry about a week before using; it will wash as well as ever.

I notice in a back number, that J. A. D. thinks it best for people to sell what they have when moving to a new place. I say take everything, all you can pack in a car, for when you get to a new country you don't get anything for nothing and then you will wish you had had the different things you left behind.

I have recently moved here from Minnesota, and think I will like very much.

If any of the sisters can spare any kind of seeds, bulbs or roots I would be pleased to receive some.

As I have received numerous requests for remedies for superfluous hair, the following from sister Jane may prove valuable:

Mix Sulphide Calcium with water to make a paste, apply with a wooden knife, leave on for a couple of minutes and remove with wooden knife. Then wash with warm water and rub sweet oil in to the skin. Repeat once a week.

Should the Sulphide be too strong add to it a very little starch. Do not leave on too long as it is powerful.

As consumption and rheumatism are so prevalent the remedies sent in by Mrs. W. H. Simmons, Iantha, Mo., may be welcome.

Cure for Consumption

Common yellow dock root boiled in porcelain kettle until it looks like strong tea; then sweeten with honey and take two or three tablespoonfuls three times a day or more according to the way it affects the bowels. Take as much as you can. It is a good blood purifier and cannot possibly hurt.

Cure for Rheumatism

Wintergreen, alcohol and sweet spirits of nitre. Druggists will fit it up in the right proportion and prescribe dose. It has been of great benefit to many here. Also put poke berries in whiskey and when it has become quite red looking take a tablespoonful three times a day before meals.

A little German sister, who is evidently neat herself and wishes to help out with the spring cleaning, writes:

We have a good little home and three children, a girl and two boys. I enjoy housework, reading and fancy work, always read all the letters and stories in this dear little magazine.

As the spring is here, the time is near for a general upheaval and thorough cleaning; maybe someone would like my recipe for good soft soap.

Take two gallons of water (soft water is best), three pounds of washing soda and nine bars of any kind of common yellow soap. Shave the soap up fine and put this and the water in a wash boiler on the stove. Let it simmer for an hour, stir and then pour in one pint of ammonia and cover up airtight.

I should be pleased to hear from any of the sisters and will try to answer all letters.

Mrs. A. J. SCHMIDT, Lehigh, Kans.

Mrs. Bina Vanhook, Kentonown, Ky., asks for advice in feeding and caring for young turkeys. She has had considerable experience in poultry raising, but loses about half of her young turkeys each year. Letters will be much appreciated.

A New Englander relates the following incident: "Now true it is that an act of kindness, which costs us very little in either inconvenience or time, may often mean a great deal to the recipient and brighten his whole life, or even change his fate. I illustrate this I want to tell you all of a stranger's kindness to me."

Once, some years ago, I was in Springfield, Mass., from Saturday until Monday, as I could not reach my destination by Saturday night.

As I was anxious to traveling and as I sat alone in the station, heartily wishing myself back in my quiet Vermont home, a lady who sat beside me spoke, asking if she could not assist me, and I told her of my plight. Then she suggested that her friend who was with her see me to a good hotel, and added, "I am just starting on a journey, otherwise I would gladly ask you to my home."

Now my friends, can you realize how much good that little act of kindness has done? Her friend accompanied me to the hotel. The next day she called, thus cheering what would otherwise have been a long, lonely day. I have never forgotten the act; it taught me a lesson, and since then I have tried to be more thoughtful of others, and never let a chance for a little act of kindness pass by.

I should like to hear from any of the COMFORT sisters and to receive papers or magazines, which when read I will pass along.

Mrs. J. A. PERKY, Box 129, Williamstown, Vt.

Who can help a young sister who is suffering from a Goitre? It is of four years' growth, and any advice will be appreciated. She also sends these hints:

To keep piano or organ keys from turning yellow rub with pure alcohol.

A few grains of rice in the salt cellars will prevent salt from caking as the rice will keep the salt moving.

She asks the sisters to send her samples of drawnwork or other fancy work, excepting knitting and crocheting.

Mrs. ANNA PETZEL, Box 165, Corpus Christi, Texas.

Mrs. Viola Fair, Itasca, Texas, writes: "I have long thought of making this request: I am very anxious for a few correspondents in foreign countries. I should like ladies married or single. If some English-speaking persons in other lands, into whose hands a copy of this number should fall, are disposed to consider my proposition, please write me and I will gladly reply."

From the Pine Tree State comes the following: Would that there were more Mrs. May Paytons and COMFORT Editors who have the courage to radiate Truths all along the ages. Progression is the Watchword. The old Salem days are of the past. There can be no higher religion than the truth any belief contains, and that truth belongs to no one person any more than air and sunshine.

In these days, despite much fraud, no one denies that some do have spiritual gifts, and the day is not far distant when Science will teach how to use Psychic powers, in way that will bring good to the earth. Faith sustains the bereaved and afflicted, but knowledge added to faith makes life worth living. "Seek and ye shall find."

MARY E. MALLETT, Lee, Penobscot Co., Maine.

Mrs. Nye sends a helpful thought. I, like many of the sisters have also been bereaved. Death claimed my third and only boy last July. Had he lived he would have been sixteen this May.

If we could only know why these things are how it would ease the heartaches, but we must try to feel that the Father knoweth and doeth all things for our good. If we are faithful we shall all meet

some day nevermore to part. What rejoicing there will be. I am thankful every day that I still have two girls left, both well and bright.

To change the subject, I wonder how many of you do up your crocheted doilies as I do.

Wash, and starch them in boiled starch and then pin them out upon something firm; like a table or board, the father comes in, that way; they will then be firm, no iron need be used. Care must be taken to pin them in perfect shape. Just try it, sisters, and see if it won't pay you for the trouble.

Has anyone a pattern for crocheted mittens? All I see are knitted, and I do not knit.

I wish the sisters who can would remember me with letters through May, in honor of my boy's birthday.

Mrs. CORA B. NYE, Box 27, So. Coventry, Conn.

Mrs. Geo. Whiston, Soldiers' Home Lafayette, Ind., visits us again, with a word for mothers.

DEAR COMFORT MOTHERS:

I want to say a few words to you. I know how natural it is for each to think our own all right or nearly so, and of course, we each have a right to our opinions. However, I have been around considerably and in a great many homes and have often noticed that parents make such a sad mistake in letting their little ones run free, here and there with very little guidance. Of course, there are mothers and mothers, but many of them, too many, make this mistake until it is too late and the little ones have heard and been taught things which they will never forget.

My first word of warning is, keep your children with you or know who they are with, and as they grow older teach them to rightly choose their own companions.

A common fault and the cause of many unhappy homes is carelessness. Many women go out and then rush home and only have time to half do everything, meals are hurriedly cooked and served, children tired and dirty, everything in an uproar. The father comes in, and no matter how good a disposition he has, soon he is cross as a bear, and is it any wonder? Then it is that the poor children are liable to be punished for the fault of the mother.

I have known many such mothers, women who take much more interest in outside affairs than they do in husband and children. What we need more old-fashioned mothers, women who believe that their place is in the home above all things. Devote your best efforts toward making it a true home. Teach the children to honor their parents and love and revere God, observe the Sabbath day and keep it holy and they will rise up and call you blessed. Oh, mothers, how important is your work, do not slight it for anything else.

I have much more to say but will wait till next time.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT SISTERS:

I am a reader of COMFORT, and find much help in its columns.

My father's wife, have been on the farm all my life, and really like farm life better than any other, or at least I imagine I do, for I never lived in the city.

I have been married twenty-seven years last New Year's day. I have eight children, six boys and two girls, ranging in ages from five to twenty-five. I am not very healthy, but I try not to complain. When I read of so many more who are in a worse condition than I am, I feel thankful that I am as well off as I am. I have asthma and a very bad cough, but still I am up most of the time, but cannot go about much, any exposure makes my cough worse, and brings on a spell of asthma. If any of the sisters know of anything to relieve asthma I would be very thankful to hear of it for I begin to think there is no cure for it.

I certainly enjoy the fancy work and quilt patterns. I do a great deal of drawnwork, and have gotten most of my patterns from COMFORT.

I feel sorry for the poor unfortunate shut-ins. It seems hard to be shut in from all the beauties of the world, but we all have our share of sickness and trials. Still every cloud has a silver lining if we will only look on the bright side. I think sometimes I have been wonderfully blest, but still I complain. I have never lost a member of my family, and was never at the burial of a relative (except my mother when I was small), and am now forty-five years old. Don't you think I should be thankful even if I am sick now most of the time?

I was born and lived in Mississippi. I have been in Arkansas thirteen years, and if any of my old friends in Mississippi happen to read this I hope they will write me. I have no relatives in Arkansas that I know of so I will appreciate and answer any and all letters. Mrs. S. D. WATTS, Bryant, Ark.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

I live three miles south of Elmo, Texas. I have four children, the oldest a boy of eight years. My husband is a farmer. We both enjoy country life much better than city life. I enjoy raising chickens and having a good garden, although I do get lonely sometimes. I have not visited much this year only the site, as the children have not been well. I can truly sympathize with all who have lost loved ones. I had to part with a dear sister two years ago, but we shall meet to part no more by and by. I have two brothers and one sister living and a dear mother. My husband has three sisters, two brothers and a dear mother living, but he also has lost loved ones.

Sisters, I do think we should do all in our power to make everyone we can happy. Just a little kind word or little kind deed each day. Make the road for old folks light and pleasant, for it won't be long ere we will all be called to go over the same road. Of course, we all get most of us, get fretted at and have little words that we regret afterwards, but God is just and if we repent He will forgive. I cannot go to church much on account of sickness and the distance, but I try to do as near right as I know.

Will the sisters who can, write to me? All the letters will be highly appreciated and I will answer all who send stamps. All send photographs who can.

I could not do without COMFORT; it certainly is a comfort to me.

Mrs. EMILY UPTON, Box 15, Elmo, R. F. D., 3, Texas.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

I have taken so much comfort in reading the sisters' letters, and the many other things of interest with which COMFORT is filled from beginning to end, that I felt I was getting more than my due unless I could contribute something myself, so I will tell you how to pass the long hours by making a rug, which will also use up some of the old clothes which are not fit for anything else.

Take two strips of wood about one inch by two, and as long as you want your rug, and two pieces of the same as wide as you want it. Tack the corners together to form a square, now drive some shingle or lathe nails in the short pieces as close as you can drive them together, get some colored warp and pass from first nail on one stick to first on the other, until all are provided with warp, then take your rags, tear one half inch wide, thread on tape needle, and pass first under and then top of warp until you reach other side, and then back like darning, alternating the over and under, and push rags up tight to make firm. You can make stripe on ends and middle hit-or-miss, or as you choose, and sew rags in length or balls as any carpet rags if wished, and finish with fringe of the warp.

I have little to do, and it would help brighten the dull spring days to receive letters. I would enjoy hearing from the sisters. I have raised four children; one died as he was entering manhood, and the others have gone into the world for themselves, and now I am lonely.

I have lived in St. Louis, Mo., Wisconsin, and Michigan. I came here because my children preferred the East, but I often long for old Michigan.

There is no place like home.

Mrs. M. TALMADGE, Lambertville, N. J.

DEAR SISTERS:

I have read your letters for quite a while.

I am a young housekeeper, and appreciate all your hints.

Mrs. H. A. Purdy. Thanks for your geographical description of the Falls. I can almost see them.

Mrs. Maud Couch. Just my age, but my mother is about eight miles from me.

Allie Cunningham. Thank you ever so many

times for your quilt block, Navajo Indian's Good-luck. Come again soon.

If Mrs. James Dregon sees this, please write, as I have lost her address. We became acquainted through COMFORT.

Dear little Tom. Sit on my lap while I praise you for helping papa by being his little housekeeper.

J. A. D. Try those recipes, Chocolate Cream Pie, and White Layer Cake, and report.

Wishing COMFORT success,

Mrs. JNO. C. STICKLER, Cincinnati, R. F. D., 3, Iowa.

DEAR SISTERS:

Will you welcome a stranger and sister from this far-off country, The Pan Handle of Texas?

In reading these pages we get descriptions of the East, West, North and South. I will claim the middle, and try to tell you something of this part of the country. The Pan Handle was once the Stake Plains, so called from having to drive stakes into the ground to guide the traders across the plains.

Our home is in the Breaks; they are a bit lower than plains, having running streams, some timber, and small hills. The soil is mostly sandy, very productive; we raise mostly grains, vegetables and fruits successfully, while wild plums and grapes of the finest variety grow abundantly. In summer we have some hot days but the nights are always cool. We have a quiet little home nestled back among the foothills near a stream. It sometimes seems too quiet and I get lonesome. Then I get my old sunbonnet and take a stroll, all alone; an early morning stroll, when the stillness makes one feel totally oblivious of everything but the moment. I also like to ramble over the hills in the cool of the evening. I like quietude, or in other words absolute stillness.

For many years I lived in town and now I like to be in a city for a short time and see well-directed energy. We are living in a busy time, progress, expansion and big undertakings are on every hand. I like all this but enjoy the country better, there one gets nearer to nature and has more time for thought and enjoyment of life. I realize that all the good we enjoy comes from the One, the God. He gave us our minds and the use of them to discover the true foundation of happiness.

I try to give the world smiles instead of frowns, to contribute to the good cheer of some human being and help lift the gloom from some distressed soul. We can all live in the sunshine of hope, and strive to leave the world better for having lived in it.

The rich cannot speak more kindly than the poor; it is not that we do not lack sympathy, but we just neglect to give it. I read so many sweet, patient letters from shut-ins that my heart almost bursts with pity sometimes. I am poor in this world's goods but I try to speak a word of cheer, and ask God to comfort and heal the poor afflicted ones if it is His will.

Sisters, I want to thank you all for your sweet letters. Our paper has its true name, may it comfort many a million more hearts is my wish.

LILLIE D. ELDRIDGE, Dumas, Moore Co., Texas.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

I hope every blessed one of you receive as much help and uplifting from reading these pages as I do. How can we read of such patience and suffering without forming a determination to lead a purer, better life. As the years go by we should steadily grow nearer to God. How I should like to write to everyone of you, but that is an impossibility only through COMFORT.

Ada Huggins. I hope you are getting better. Truly, you are a brave little soul with your inspiring words. And now, dear sisters, one and all, accept this letter each of you for your very own.

To my friend in Philadelphia who sent such beautiful souvenir postals I send my greetings. May your future contain all the happiness that you wish. This is the only way I can reach you for you sent no address. Your cards are before me now with their lovely quotations. Surely Philadelphia is a city of brotherly love. I compared the writings and they are the same. I received several letters from the far-off State of Washington and all so full of good. One of the loveliest gifts I sent to me from Mrs. M. C. and her daughter, a box of pressed grapes on the stem.

Dorothy Barton will write to me, also Mrs. K. S. Heath.

How many of you have a cozy seat in your living-room? I have a wide seat by the west window. I have four bookshelves put in. I have them painted white, and a gold molding at the top to match the picture molding. As we intend to put our books in a new bookcase will still use shelves for magazines.

I went to a very amusing entertainment not long ago. The little folks sang a song called Topsy Turvy. They were behind a long piece of muslin painted to represent a stone wall. They wore large hats and capes on their heads and had shoes and stockings on their hands. As they were peeping over the wall and in the chorus would put their heads down and raise up their hands. It looked as if they were standing on their heads. The house simply roared. I have the words if any cares for them. The tune is Sweet Marie.

Dear shut-ins, I send you words of cheer and may God's choicest blessing—health come to you as the year grows. Oh, how I would love to take you each by the hand and try to give you some comfort. I will give you a few lines from a favorite hymn of mine. It so often comforts me and I pray it will you.

Not now but in the coming years,
It may be in the better land,
We'll read the meaning of our tears,
And there sometime we'll understand;
We'll know why children instead of sun
Were over many a cherished plan,
Why song has ceased when scarce began,
'Tis there sometime we'll understand.
Then trust in God thro' all thy days
Fear not for He doth hold thy hand,
Tho' dark thy way still singing and praise,
Sometime, sometime we'll understand.

CARLYLE HAVELY, Box 30, Alpine, R. F. D., 14, Ind.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

I wrote a letter about two years ago, and was kindly admitted to the corner, and received letters from some of the sisters. I made a card for Mrs. R. J. Boissac, Chicago. In this letter I will tell you all how I manage to make a little pin money.

I purchase remnants of satin and velvet at any dry goods store counter. These I make into sofa pillows and fancy articles, painting designs of different kinds on top of pillows, finishing up with a cord or ruffie. Some very attractive pillows I made were red satin painted roses. I made a white velvet in American beauty roses spray. I get quite a snug sum of money from the sale of pillows alone. Then there are the lovely handmade laces which are now so much in vogue. I purchase braids and thread and with some good pattern to follow it is comparatively easy to fashion dainty neckwear, cuffs, reverses, berthes, and other articles too numerous to mention. I have also embroidered some and taught music. As I only live in a small place I think that other needleworkers could do as well if they tried. If your talents do not lie in these directions try your hand at whatever you can do best. I know by experience one can accomplish a great deal by utilizing spare moments.

Our good magazine continues to bring all kinds of help and hints monthly to our aid. The stories are fine. St. Elmo is excellent. One can learn many lessons from the characters in this grand story. The Stolen Proposal I especially enjoyed. Jerry the Backwoods Boy is getting more interesting and I cannot guess how it will end, for it has such a peculiar beginning. And now I must say I am more than satisfied that we are all getting our money's worth from COMFORT's contents.

I want to hear from any and all of you. I will try to answer all letters or cards. Who will send recipes for ice cream (cooked), proportioned to make one gallon of cream? I want to send a little verse to all who were born in February, the month of my birth.

"The February born will find
Sincerity and peace of mind,
Freedom from passion and from care
If they the Amethyst will wear."

Mrs. LAURA WEBSTER, Box 1, Fordville, Ill.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 8.)

THE SHADOW OF A CROSS

A Religious Quarrel and Separation

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Written in Collaboration

By Mrs. Dora Nelson and
F. C. Henderschott

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Gene Warfield asks himself why a woman of Mrs. Rosslyn's Puritanic strength of character should embrace the Catholic faith. "Is it for this I am to be separated from the object of my dearest desire?" The sound of voices chanting the Ave Maria is borne to his waiting ears. Theta Rosslyn meets her lover. There is an opening for him in the West in Judge Blodgett's office. He will win wealth and fame, and coming back make Theta his wife. As he pleads he sees a small chain about Theta's neck, and asks what talisman is hiding there. Pulling at the chain he finds a tiny gold crucifix; he snaps the chain and dashes the crucifix to the ground. With a cry like a wounded animal, she catches the crucifix to her breast. "God forgive me, if even for a little while I let your love words deceive me into forgetting the depth of the gulf which lies between us," Gene pleads with all the fervor of youth, but the girl dare not yield, and his pride battles with the anguish which kills the soul, though the body yet lives.

Gene finds his mother waiting for him; she tries to comfort him. He will carry the cross to the grave. He feels all is lost save ambition. Gently the mother chides him. Ambition will never make him happy. If she were sure the forces of his nature were always to be arrayed on the side of right, she would not mind. She knows his weakness. The parting comes; the mother cries, "I didn't know it would be so hard!" Theta Rosslyn hears the cry, and softly says, "God will take care of him."

Years pass and Eugene Warfield is in Excelcor, the home of the Harvester Trust and no longer an unknown lawyer. The legal battle in which he is engaged seems like a hopeless undertaking. He will fight until they crush him. The Judge sees young men as able as he is sought between the upper and nether millstone, the Trusts, and he hopes Gene will feel his way carefully. It isn't the Trusts, but the brains which conceive them, the stupendous power summed up in one word, Corcoran. Gene promises to go to the reception given in honor of Mrs. Huston's sister-in-law and her daughter, Miss Victoria Moore, of Washington, D. C. He rides out of town and across the open prairie. A horse and its rider come into Warfield's range of vision. There is a misstep and horse and rider fall. Gene rushes to the spot—the rider is unhurt. The horse is badly injured and the woman orders the animal put out of his misery. In the absence of Mrs. Grundy they ought to be introduced, and she presents her card, Miss Victoria Moore, Washington, D. C. They ride back to town on Eugene Warfield's horse. In an automobile they see the wife of the president of the Harvester Trust; she is an invalid. Victoria thinks it is something to be the mistress of such a magnificent home. She has heard he is not only the head of the Trust, but has great political influence. Gene admits he has the power to make or ruin a man. Will she see him at the reception? Arriving late, Victoria meets him. She leads him to the deserted East room, to show the new orchid her uncle buys. He knows but little about orchids, only the wildings of his New Hampshire woods, and Gene tells of the beauties of the New England flowers, of his boyhood home, of his early struggle to acquire an education, and of his later dream of power and ambition. Victoria rouses from her abstraction. Ambition is the thing that lifts a man above the level of the brute. She is covetous of power and longs to sit with the highest of the land. Does he blame her? How can he? As for power, she can't have more than she now has. Does he hear the carriages? She fears tongues will be wagging. Corcoran visits Warfield. If he defies him he will crush him; if he becomes his friend he shall grow great by his power. Does Corcoran take him for a fastid—he can do his worst. Corcoran admires his grit, yet go against him and he will crush him, become his friend and he places him among the highest in the land. He gives him his choice of the highest in the land. He grasps his hand. Judge Blodgett listens to Warfield's speech, and realizes he is bought. Warfield asks himself will he ever be able to clasp the hand of an honest man again. He goes to Victoria. In his helpless despair she feels a desire to comfort him. Will she be his wife?

CHAPTER VI. (CONTINUED.)

It was a strange wooing, coming as it did without a single expression of love and without any of those demonstrations of endearment which love demands. As she listened the sympathy within Victoria gave away to fierce anger. She was conscious of her power to sway men and it was not thus, cold and dispassionate, they were accustomed to stand before her. While she resented his attitude with all her coquette heart, her words bore no hint of this as she replied softly: "I will be your wife; I will not only be glad but proud to grow great beneath your shadow." Her tone was like liquid music and as she ceased she looked at him, putting all the power of her will into the glance. In the long silence which followed Warfield felt his very soul being drawn from him. A thrill passed and a lambent fire crept into his eyes, his calmness broke into a lava flame of passion which swept over him.

He drew her to him swiftly and kissed her again and again, drawing from her lips a subtle poison in whose narcotic balm his awakening conscience was lulled into a new sleep.

"You are beautiful—beautiful!" he cried, as he kissed her until she was breathless.

She put her hand to his throat and pushed him away with a half laughing, half gasping protest.

"You are strangling me!"

CHAPTER VII.

A BACKWARD GLIMPSE AT THE OLD HOME-STEAD.

With merry shouts and many good bys the boys and girls trooped away. Theta's face kept its bright smile until the last child disappeared, then a weary look came into her sad, dark eyes as she passed up the village street.

"If only mother were well," she sighed anxiously to herself, "how happy I should be. It is hard that I must be away from her all day, shut up in the schoolroom, but needs must when necessity drives. Her long illness has taken all my earnings, and the burden of the mortgage presses harder and harder. I have lost so much sleep I fear I shall break down under the strain—but I must not—I must not—closing her lips tightly,—"I must at any cost keep the home intact. I am so weary—if only I could lie down and rest under a tree out there in the brooding silence of the hills. If it were not for Mrs. Warfield I scarcely know what I should do. There she is now, coming out of the post-office. A saint, if there ever was one. Mrs. Warfield!" raising her voice, "wait for me a minute!"

Mrs. Warfield halted, and the two greeted each other tenderly.

"A letter from Gene," Mrs. Warfield said, as she held up a thick white envelope, "and it feels as though there were cards inside—I suppose something new he has been getting out since he became a Congressman."

"Why not open it and see?" said Theta, with a fleeting glance at the envelope, the well-known writing on which, brought a blush to her wild-rose face.

"It will keep until I have paid my visit to your mother," the other returned smiling, "and

do you know," she continued, the smile dying, and a grave look coming into her eyes, "lately I positively dread to open Gene's letters. Not but they are just as tender, in fact they are more so than they used to be, but there is something about them which worries me. Dear, you have come to be so much to me, I can say to you what I would not utter to another living soul. Theta, there is some malign influence being exerted over my boy, and the thought of it gives me no peace night or day."

For a moment they regarded each other in sorrowful silence, then Theta spoke:

"The same thought has been torturing me ever since I read of Gene's election to Congress. My heart thrilled with pride even as yours did, as I read of his manly life all the years he has been out West, and how he had arrayed himself against the forces of evil, but there was one part of the article I did not like. It ran something like this: 'It is a significant fact Boss Corcoran threw all the weight of his power on the side of Warfield, thus assuring his election.' I fear that man Corcoran—I hear nothing but evil of him—and I fear his influence over Gene."

"Theta," Mrs. Warfield replied, a sob rising in her throat, and tears standing in her eyes, "I love my boy, and I have pride in his achievement, yet great as is my love, I would rather he had died in his infancy than he should live to sell his birthright—the birthright of his noble manhood—for the praise of false gods." She stopped suddenly, sobs choking her, while Theta, too, was visibly moved. At last, commanding her voice the girl said:

"I believe the time is coming when there will be no more temptations such as these to beset the path of youth. I believe the time is not far distant when the dollar mark, and what its aggregate represents—power—will no longer be our national emblem. I believe when God made this world, when, by slow evolution it was brought forth, when the limestones were formed, the metals smelted in Nature's furnace and forced through the crevices of the rocks, when back there, in the Carboniferous Period the coal beds were made, it was the plan of the Creator that when men finally appeared on the earth, all this was to be for them a common heritage. It was never God's plan that the things which are the common necessities of each individual in the world, should be exploited for the benefit of an idle, non-producing class. God meant all should enjoy, in common the earth and its fullness. The people lulled by the lethargic wine of content have slumbered too long. When the awakening comes, as come it must, they will submit no more to be ground under the iron heel of monopoly, but will arise in their might and overthrow the trusts. Socialism is a plant of slow growth, but its roots are striking deeply into all classes of society, and the day of its flowering is not far distant. Its fruitage no man may know, and you and I, Mrs. Warfield, may not be there to see, but, when that harvest is gathered, it will be a glorious day for the human race."

As she uttered the last impassioned words the elder woman looked at Theta's flushed, beautiful face in astonishment.

"What strange transformation is this, Theta? I might almost think it Gene's self that had been speaking. I am an old woman, and you, too, have progressed and gone beyond me. You have changed."

"Yes, Mrs. Warfield, I am no longer the simple girl who sent Gene away. But here we are at my own door," she added, with a sudden change of manner, the flush dying away and leaving her pale, "let us hasten to mother."

Softly they entered the house. Maggie's strong, capable hands were arranging the pillows, and making the invalid more comfortable as the two pushed open the sickroom door.

"I'm glad you've come, Miss Theta," whispered Maggie, in the girl's ear, "yer mother's been longin' for the sight of yer sweet face."

Theta nodded in answer, and going to the bed bent over and pressed a kiss on her mother's brow, then started back as its marble coldness struck a chill to her young lips.

"Mother darling, are you in pain?"

The worn face on the pillow brightened. "No dear. All pain has left me, and I feel stronger than I have for a long time."

A little cry of joy broke from Theta.

"Mrs. Warfield, do you hear that? Mother is better—she will soon be well."

At that moment Mrs. Warfield did not know of this to pity most, the girl in the sudden joy of her relief, or the sick woman on the bed.

The invalid closed her eyes.

"Yes, dear, I shall be—well—soon." For a time there was silence, then her eyes opened and grew large and unnaturally bright.

"Theta?"

"Yes, mother?"

"I want you to send the priest to me."

"The priest?" with a startled glance at the ghastly face.

"Yes, dear. Mrs. Warfield will stay with me while you are gone. And don't be in any hurry to come back for I want to be alone with him a long time. I cannot have you killing yourself for me the way you have been doing. Go up into the hills for a long walk and mind you, bring back some roses in those pale cheeks."

The speaking exhausted her and her breath came in panting gasps.

"Are you sure—quite sure you are not worse, mother?"

"No, dear—not worse—and I shall be better—much better—soon."

Theta bent down and lingeringly kissed her mother's cold lips, then softly went out, her face radiant with hope.

Mrs. Warfield turned aside to hide the tears she could not keep back.

The priest was not at the parish house, but Theta found him up at the church instructing some new altar boys in their duties. She delivered her message and would have returned with him but he laid a restraining touch on her arm.

"No, child, your mother will have much to say to me and we must be alone. Do as she bade you."

Theta watched until he had passed out of sight then turned and climbed the hill to the old trysting tree.

The leaves lay in scattered confusion on the ground, the wind crooned a weird melody among the bare branches of the old elm. In the west the clouds were piling up in barbaric pearl and gold. The crows flew over the valley cawing dismally, no other sound breaking the silence.

Theta stood musing, old thoughts and memories stirring within her, then she stretched out her arms, her sweet face filled with a yearning tenderness.

"Gene, my darling," she murmured passionately, "how long I have waited for you! How many times I have peered down that lonely road—and looked for you in vain. Will you come no more? How long, sweetheart, will you stay away? Would that I had never sent you—that I had kept you always here beside me. It was here I felt your kisses on my lips, my brow, my throat—it was here I felt your love-words go over me like a flood. Come back to me, my dearest, by the power of my love I bid you come back to me!" As the last, low-spoken words dropped from her lips, the strong yearning which had filled Theta for so long, found expression in the will to call Gene up before her in the actual flesh and blood. She grew pale as the dead as she put forth all the power of her soul, her lips breathing the one word, "Come!"

Then suddenly she saw him standing in a high place staring with abstracted gaze at a tumbling mass of waters below. Theta's face was transfigured with love and tenderness, then suddenly it changed, darkened, and the love-light died as she saw at his side the figure of a lovely woman who touched him on the arm and spoke light words in his ear.

Gene was standing on the high bridge at Niagara, looking down at the swirling waters, when suddenly, he became conscious of a presence and as plainly as though she had in verity been standing beside him he saw the form of Theta—saw the wild-rose face, and the tenderness of her eyes, and the anguish which crept into them as Victoria uttered the words:

"If you look at the waters longer, Gene, you will hypnotize yourself and take the mad dive, which would be a pity, for you'd leave behind you a very charming young widow."

Theta's hands clutched at her breast and a cry of agony broke from her.

"My God! He is married!"

See first page illustration.

She threw out her arms, reeled and fell at the foot of the tree. Hours afterward the searchers found her there, and conveyed her to the home of Mrs. Warfield raving in the delirium of brain fever. Long before she arose from the bed of pain her mother had been laid to rest in the churchyard on the hillside.

CHAPTER VIII.

IN THE RAPIDS ABOVE THE CATARACT.

It was while they were at Niagara Gene and Victoria took stock of ways and means and discussed future housekeeping plans.

They were in their private apartment and Victoria, clad in a charming negligee, was perched on the arm of Gene's chair listening while he discoursed at length, stooping occasionally, as is the way of the newly wed, to punctuate his remarks. This punctuation was accomplished in various ways. Sometimes it was by means of a caress on a rosy ear, sometimes by a kiss on a white neck, sometimes—but no matter—those remarks were well punctuated.

"Dearest," Gene was saying softly, "after all those years in boarding-houses it will seem like Paradise to have a home of my own. I fear it will not be a very grand one, not the home I should like to provide for you. Your beauty demands rich surroundings and just the right setting is necessary to bring out the lustrous richness of this lovely curling hair," pulling out the pins as he spoke and letting it down in a shining mass on her shoulders, she permitting him to touse it as he would, for admiration was the very breath of life to this woman, "but I am afraid my means will not allow me to give you what I wish. However, I have saved something from my law practice and we can at least start comfortably. We will have a house all to ourselves on a quiet street." Victoria shuddered, "and we will have furnishings good of their kind and brightly darkened when, wearied by official duties, I come home to find you sitting by the fireside, your sewing on your lap, and waiting for me—ah!" he broke off, "will it not be heaven to you as to me, dear?"

"Horrors!" she thought. "He expects me to be domestic. As for sewing—I detest it!" Aloud she said, her brow clearing and no hint of the secret vexation she felt perceptible, in her voice:

"The picture you have drawn, Gene, is a pretty one, especially my sitting by the hearth sewing," laughing as she said this; "it has something very alluring about it, but at the same time the whole thing has much to be said in its disfavor. In that small house on a quiet street," mimicking his tone, "I should be eternally either hunting or instructing

'help,' and when you came home expecting to find a bright little woman to entertain you, I should be so tired, irritated and depressed I couldn't do it, and it would end in our both being miserable."

Victoria paused to let the effect of this sink into Gene's mind and it was all she expected for his face was a picture of dismay:

"Surely you don't wish us to spend our lives in a hotel, Victoria? It will be necessary for us to entertain to a certain extent—"

"Of course it will," she interrupted, "and that brings me to what I wanted to say in the beginning only you wouldn't give me a chance, you naughty tease. No. Stop that, now, and listen to me. In a small house I should just about kill myself trying to entertain people, but in one of these big apartment houses where everything is done by trained service and the machinery runs as smoothly as clockwork, there are great dining-rooms kept on purpose to be let to guests for use on special occasions. Everything is attended to, even the flowers and table decorations, the hostess having no responsibility. Under such circumstances entertaining becomes a pleasure instead of a burden. Being fresh and rested I could play the part of hostess as it should be played instead of being all tired out with small cares and worries. Can't you see how much better this arrangement is than the one you propose?"

"I'm afraid I'm dense," Gene began slowly. "By apartment houses you mean these huge caravansaries where everything—"

"Comes up or goes down a chute," finished Victoria laughing. "That's the idea exactly. But don't look so blank, Gene. You can't help but like it, especially when you find how charming I'll be when you come home, instead of being as I know I should be shut up in a little house, as cross as old man Cross who was so cross he died cross." And Victoria wound up with an alluring glance and a charming little pout, the combined effect of which Gene was unable to resist.

"That is a consideration which is certainly worth thinking about," he said laughing and putting his arm around her, "but," he added somewhat gravely, "the question is, can we afford it? You know, dear, I shall have no income outside of my official salary."

A glint of steel came into Victoria's eyes, as, for an instant, she regarded him intently, but there was something almost of a feline quality in her voice when she asked softly:

"Are there not perquisites that go with the office?"

It was impossible to mistake her meaning and a pained light came into Gene's eyes. His lips tightened and he took his arm away suddenly as he replied almost sternly:

"Not for me. I sold myself but not for gold. I shall never touch a penny that does not rightly belong to me."

Victoria's face grew dark with anger and she said within herself: "What a fool he is. But there—I must stroke him softly and he shall yet do my bidding." Aloud she spoke in tones which were gentle, almost humble:

"You are so unlike the average man, Gene, and I ought not to have spoken as I did. Pardon me for mentioning such a thing."

"I pardon you!" Gene's eyes grew tender and he caught her to him suddenly. "'Tis not you who should ask pardon of me. And, dear love, you shall have it all your own way about the apartment house, although I confess it is not what I have dreamed of in the way of a home. But as long as I have you, what matters it where we stay? And see now what a state I have gotten your hair into! Your big bear of a husband will have to help you do it all up again."

So for a time the threatening rock in the current of their domestic life was escaped.

A few days later they returned to Washington, and at the earliest opportunity visited the apartment house which Victoria had already determined should be their place of residence. It differed little from other places of this character except, perhaps, it was a trifle more elegant. There was a main entrance with a marble stairway grand enough to have graced a palace, which was merely for show, guests preferring to use the more convenient elevators. There were frescoes, carvings, gilding—too much of the latter—rich carpets into which the foot sank as softly as into a bed of moss in a forest glade, paintings—not all of them in the best taste—covered the walls; here and there bits of statuary, and the rooms were filled to overflowing with furniture upholstered in silken brocatelle, but in all that weary waste of elegance there was no place where the eye could stay itself and be at rest.

"It is all very grand—and very vulgar," Gene thought to himself as he and Victoria followed the agent who was showing them about.

Victoria was delighted with everything, but Gene, whose taste craved something quieter felt something like dismay creep into his heart. When he reached what purported to be the library he stopped, leaving the two to go on without him, and sitting down in front of the gas-log fireplace he fell into a fit of musing.

"A gas-log fireplace," he thought contemptuously, "how can one build castles by looking at a gas-log? Long, long ago I sat by a real hearth and watched the logs drop apart and down in the deepest heart of the fire I saw a picture. It was a room with softly tinted walls, and bright with books and pictures and shaded lights, and by the fire I saw a woman sitting—a woman whose slim white fingers fashioned tiny white garments, and ever as she worked she crooned a low, soft melody. And the picture faded and another arose and lo! a cradle stood on the hearth, and over this the woman bent and softly sang and rocked. And this too faded, and after a time the prattle of a child filled the quiet room, and a boy climbed up on my knees and nestled a curly head down on my shoulder and I felt the clinging of tiny arms."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The heroine of this story chooses between the church of her childhood and the man she loves. Firm in the belief of her early teachings the lover pleads in vain. Read the next chapter, "The Unwelcome Stranger." Send 15 cents for a year's subscription, and read not only this strong serial, but others now running in COMFORT.



LEAGUE RULES: To be a comfort to one's parents. To be kind to dumb animals. To love our country and protect its flag. To protect the weak and aged. To join at once. Everybody welcome.

COMFORT for one year and admittance to the League of Cousins for only 20 cents. Join at once. Everybody welcome.

CONDUCTED BY UNCLE CHARLIE

MY, how the seasons roll around. Here's spring again. Like the Ground Hog, I've just poked my nose through a forty-foot snow bank, because the calendar says it is the first of May. Maine has thirteen months of winter, and what is left is summer. There is a legend in this state, that has, like most historic lies, been handed down from generation to generation, until it has come to be regarded as truth by the bewhiskered Eskimos of this section, that the thermometer, during a particularly hot summer once soared to the torrid heights of three degrees above zero. I once went out with an axe to slaughter the man who sprang that fairy tale, but to my intense dismay I found that he had been dead fifty years. Anyhow, tradition says that I must haul out my straw hat and muslin pants, and put my rubber shoe, and one sock in moth balls, until the blizzards bliz again. Toby, at this juncture, wants me to tell you that Billy the Goat had a swell time last night. They went to a codfish ball with Maria. Before the ball was half over, Billy the Goat ate it, and that brought the proceedings to an abrupt termination.

Remember, seven subscriptions for COMFORT, at 15 cents a year, wins for you Uncle Charlie's poems, a book worth a dollar, beautifully bound in silk cloth. There are enough laughs in that book to keep you smiling for the rest of your natural life. But in and get it. Those thousands of League members who have not kept their subscriptions paid up, can now make amends and get in good standing by working for this premium.

Don't send subscriptions to our Grand Secretary, she will return them to you, and take out postage if you do.

Shut-ins, and those in delicate health who are able to write a fair hand, can earn some money by doing copying. Write Louis C. Bronson, Granville Centre, Hampshire Co., Mass., for particulars. Inclose postage for reply.

Now for the letters.

A jolly letter from a jolly Virginia cousin will now charm us.

AMISVILLE, VA., Feb. 8, 1907.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

Here I come again full of fun, with a sweet kiss for Uncle and a big hug for each dear cousin. Uncle, you are the dearest old chap that ever lived, always ready to cheer us when we are in trouble, and always ready to have fun together, for I love everyone who likes to have fun. Uncle, I believe we country folks get more fun out of one week than the city chaps get out of one year.

I guess it is time for me to express my opinion about you sleeping in the chicken coop. Goodness makes alive, you must be hard up for such a roosting place! I honestly think it looks hideous for a gentleman of your standing, and I will be grieved until I hear of you doing better. I would love to see your dear, sweet face and have a talk with you. I bet if you are as funny talking as you are writing, I would laugh myself silly; but for all of your liveliness I know you are all right, for I am a great admirer of you and yours.

Uncle, I was going to say one word about your sweetheart. There are lots of bachelor girls over here, so do come over and get one. I bet you would make a smash on all of them for you are so good looking. I will tell you the fact. I have almost worn my COMFORT out looking at your picture, where you were singing a solo in church. You looked magnificent, Uncle Charlie. Have you ever been in our State? It is considered one of the most healthy in the Union. Our principal crops are wheat and corn. We also raise large oat and rye crops, have large, black apple and pear orchards, raise all kinds of berries, raspberries, gooseberries, currants, strawberries and blackberries. I do not think there is any more fun in anything than there is in going huckleberrying: to get up a crowd and go and spend the day in the woods, that's where the fun comes in.

I can cook everything, can sew, make nearly all of my clothes, but don't know much about fancy work; do housework, can hitch up a horse and buggy, and can also drive; can play an organ, piano and mouth-harp, and love dearly to dance. All write me, please. Your loving niece, FLORENCE ROUZIE, (No. 13,557).

Florence, dear, I fear that I don't deserve all the bouquets you are handing me. As long as you don't hand me any lemons, though, I don't mind. Now as regards that hen coop. I know a hen coop is not a nice place for a gentleman to reside in, but poverty and necessity compel me to reside in one just now. I'll tell you how, why and wherefore I reside in a chicken coop. You see it is like this. There is a man who has done me a low-down trick, and so I've gone into a chicken coop to lay for him. Living in a chicken coop is princely, compared to living in a city flat. I lived in a flat in Brooklyn, that was so narrow, that we had to take the wall paper off if we wanted to turn in bed. I had a dreadful time with Toby in that flat, as we had to teach him to wag his tail up and down, as there was not room for him to wag it sideways. I'm a good deal funnier talking, than writing. I wish you could see my face when it is talking, you'd never forget it; it looks like a piece of pepsin chewing gum that's done a hard week's work between two rows of strong teeth and come out of it with second money. I had a trunk full of medals once, for my too, too fatal beauty, but one day when I was traveling with a circus, a chimpanzee got jealous because I was homelier than he, and while I was asleep he got busy with my face, and when I woke up my fatal beauty had gone forever, and I was only passably good looking. Yes, Florence, I've been in Virginia, and I admire the state greatly—what I saw of it. But I was so busy looking for you, that I did not see much else.

Tennessee, long neglected, will now sit in the game, and play a hand that cannot be euchred.

GOODRICH, TENN., Feb. 14, 1907.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

I will tell you about the trip I made to Nashville, Tennessee, during Christmas week. The Sunday school at this place had a nice Christmas tree on Christmas Eve night. It was very nice, we had several nice hymns and drills.

My brother who had not been home in two years, came home on Christmas Eve, and he and I left home on the five o'clock train and went to Nashville to see our sister and brother. We arrived in Nashville at 9:30, and got on the street car and went to the City Hospital, where my sister is a train nurse; she likes the work fine.

We went to the hotel and took dinner with my brother, who is working for the Postal Telegraph Co. He is boss over fifty men. They are doing the underground work. After we had a good dinner we went out to work with him. It is a grand sight to see them drilling rocks with steam. We had a pleasant time with him and then we went to the show, it was simply grand.

We went from there to the hotel and had supper and after supper went to see my sister and went all through the hospital and met all of the sweet nurses, and doctors. It is sad to go through a hospital and see all the suffering. I stayed all night there, and in the morning we all went to see some of our relatives.

I have six brothers and two sisters. One sister is married and has not walked since July 1906, she has the rheumatism and cannot turn herself in bed, and can't hardly feed herself. Her two daughters do all the housework, one is fifteen and one twelve. I am five feet and one inch tall and have dark hair, brown eyes and dark complexion. I sent one of the cousins a post card, but never got any answer. I would be glad to receive letters or post cards from any of the cousins.

Your niece,

PEARL AUGUSTA GEORGE.

Pearl, I am glad your Sunday School had the Christmas tree on Christmas Eve night, as it would have been terrible if they had had it on Christmas Eve morning. I am glad your sister has taken up woman's noblest profession—nursing—but I'm terribly grieved to find she is a train nurse. I know trains get smashed up, splintered and wrecked, but wood and iron have no feeling, and I don't see why your pretty sister should be wasting her time nursing trains, when so many sick boys and girls need attention. I fancy I can see your sister now, putting a poultice on a locomotive's chest, rubbing a day coach's tummy, and giving a dose of castor-oil to a Pullman car. I should like to see a Pullman car in bed, and your sister feeling its pulse, and putting fly blisters on its feet. I am also interested in that rock-drilling business. What are they drilling rocks for? Can't Uncle Sam get enough soldiers without enlisting rocks? If ever I went into battle I'd like to get behind a regiment of rocks. A battalion of rocks on the march would be an imposing sight. Does it take the rocks long to learn their drill? Fancy telling a regiment of rocks to "Eyes front, and shoulder arms!" And they drill by steam nowadays instead of using a drill sergeant! Oh, my! oh, my! what are we coming to? We are all glad that Pearl lives in a Good Rich town. It is seldom we find a town that is both good and rich. I'm good, but I'm not rich. Billy the Goat is rich, but not good. Maybe Pearl will tell us how her burg manages to be both good and rich. I'd like to move into a good rich town. Toby says he'd chloroform the inhabitants and steal the town. I think I'd be grabbing a lot of easy money while the job was being put through. The town I'm existing in is a pretty slick burg, only the trouble is every cent you get you have to work for, and a town like that gets on a man's nerves after awhile. Pearl, please put us wise to the best time to find your town asleep as I've serious intentions of shifting it, unless it is well tied down.

Here is an exciting and exceedingly interesting letter from a locomotive engineer: the first to ever run his iron horse around the C. L. O. C. Circus.

924 E. Creighton Ave., FORT WAYNE, INDIANA.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

I have been called an eagle-eye for over seven years now, and you will think so too, if you ever travel on the Pennsylvania railroad, over the Western division, and happen to get on a train I've got my iron horse hitched to; I am afraid you will think you are riding in an air-ship, and when I turn my iron horse loose at seventy to ninety miles an hour clip, I am afraid that lone hair of yours wouldn't have strength enough to stand up. But I have always been able to stand right side up with care at my destination, and I hope you will sometimes find a little room in your heart for a locomotive engineer, when you say your prayers, that I may always be as fortunate in the future as I have been in the past.

I had one narrow escape in my time of railroad life. I remember some years ago, while I was firing. My engine and I started out of Chicago with a light freight train, in one of the worst storms I ever saw; I never saw the snow so thick in the air before, or going about thirty-five or forty miles an hour, when the first thing after putting in a fire, I saw two big red eyes not over one hundred feet ahead of us. I tell you they looked as big as barn doors to me; well, I think you can guess what I did. I think I unloaded right there in double quick time, or no time at all, and I was told afterward that I plowed up about a rod of cobble stone with my head, which no doubt cost the company some time and money to replace. Well, I was laid up nearly three months that time, with a battered up head and face, and my engineer fared about the same, but our iron horse was still in the ring, but somewhat disfigured, when the wreck train cleaned up the mess it had made.

I remain your nephew,

W. FRED JUNGLES.

Bravo, Fred, I am delighted to have you join our ranks, as there is no class of the community that I admire as much as the engineering class, especially that section to which you belong. Yours is a dangerous calling, and few of you ever reach old age in one consignment. If your head lives to be old, it is a test to one shot, that your legs, arms or wings die young. It is all very well to sit back in a cozy parlor car, and admire the scenery in comfort, but little we think of the brave fellows who are driving that panting mass of iron and steel into the biting storm, or pushing her into the inky blackness of the chilly night: every nerve strained to the breaking point. Thousands of people are slaughtered on our railroads yearly, but it is seldom the fault of the engineer, as an accident usually costs him his life, as well as the lives of those on his train. President Roosevelt always makes it a point to shake

hands with the engineer of the train on which he is traveling. This is an honor to the engineer, and also an honor to the President, for a good engineer is just as valuable to the community, in his sphere, as is a good president in his. He is also as a rule, very much more of a hero.

Now, Willie Jungles, that I have paid a tribute to you and your noble brothers of the iron road, I must tell you that I have done some pretty fast traveling myself, in my time. I remember once leaning out of the window of a Pullman car in Jersey City to kiss my best girl good by, and when I finally got, or thought I got, my lips on hers, I found I was kissing another man's wife in Washington, D. C., and that lady's husband promptly pushed a hole in my face, that you could shovel a cord of wood into without noticing it. Another time I was traveling to Chicago; and I went into the lavatory to wash my hands and face, and there was another man in there who was also soaping the cinders out of his whiskers. The train was rocking like a sailing boat in a hurricane. I had got my face nicely soaped, and as the train rocked and pitched, my face slipped out of my hands into the other fellow's hands, and his face slipped into mine, and there was he washing my face, and I washing his. Mine was a better looking face than his, and he ducked out of the door, and ran with it. It was a most unfortunate thing for me, as the man was wanted for burglary, arson, bigamy and several other accomplishments. Of course I got arrested, and went to the pen for ten years for his crimes. I could not put a brave face on the matter, as I had lost my proper face. Anyway, it was not long before my face got him arrested, and he was put in jail, too. Strange, but in later years we were both in a head-on railroad collision, and he lost his head, and I lost mine, the doctors got our heads mixed, and I got mine back. Gee whiz, but I was awful glad to see my head again. That is the first time I ever lost my head, and I hope it will be the last.

Here is a letter from a little girl cousin down in Arkansas.

CENTERTON, ARK., Feb. 11, 1907.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

I received my membership card and button, and think they are lovely. I thank you a thousand times for them, and will try and follow your League rules. I am a girl who longs to enjoy the corner with Uncle and cousins. Now, Uncle, I will tell you what I can do.

I can iron cook, sew, bake and play the piano. Uncle Charlie, when your birthday comes let me know, and I will make you a nice birthday cake. I have a little pet dog named Sissy; she will sit up and beg. She looks like a little fox. I have one sister and brother. I am fifteen years old. My brother is visiting at California with relatives. He likes it real well there. I am in the seventh grade at school. I have written to two of the cousins. Well, Uncle, I'll have to close. Tell all the cousins to write to me. Hoping to see this in print, I remain, Your loving niece,

GERTRUDE COLE (No. 17,078).

Gertie, you are certainly a young lady of many and varied accomplishments, and your ability in certain directions, and along certain lines is so staggering, that I hold my breath when I contemplate it. First you say, you can iron cook. Well, if you can do that, you are a braver and more heroic specimen of humanity than can be found anywhere around this section. All the cooks in this vicinity are daughters of the Emerald Isle, and if you started to iron one of these, you'd be up against a first-class funeral before you'd blinked an eyelid. There is Della Dooley, who is Czarina of the Cook Stove, and Empress of the Soup Tureen, and professional pie-paster, and pudding pusher to the family next door at \$25 a month. I should like to see you try to iron a few of the Hibernian kinks out of Della, and I can just bet you three doughnuts to one pant's button, that before you got that iron on her hide, you'd be decorating a nice cold slab in the morgue or occupying a nice warm grave 'neath a seven-dollar headstone in the local boneyard. No, Gertie, dear, you may iron cooks on the peaceful mountainsides of the pineclad Ozarks, but if you start ironing cooks East of Pittsburg, you'll have a three-column obituary in the local news sheet, and you'll have a pair of wings, and will be wandering in the Elysian Fields, by the golden shores of Brighter Spheres, before you can say one times one.

You also say that you can stew bake and play the piano. How do you know that you can bake the piano. You don't mean to tell me that your folks buy a \$500 piano, just for the fun of having baked piano, and fricasseed music for dinner. Baked piano at \$500 a clip would be an expensive menu. Even Rockefeller could not stand for a dish of that kind more than twice a week. But, honest, I don't believe you have got an oven large enough to bake a piano in, and I don't see how you could bake a big full-sized piano without setting fire to the house. Toby says, maybe you saw a leg off at one time, and have baked piano legs one day, and fried piano wires the next. Billy the Goat is quite excited over the last item. He thinks that fried piano wire would be a nice succulent tuneful dish, and would make a man full of music for many a long day. I don't know why you want to sew a piano, unless you want to put the piano legs in pants, and wanted to put some buttons on them. Gertie, you must write and explain this cook and piano business, for you have certainly got me all at sea. Toby sends a sweet kiss to Cissy, and I send a whole bushel to you. You're a dear little girl, but if you take my advice you'll quit ironing cooks, it is a dangerous business. Up here we put cooks under glass cases, and throw sugar at 'em; no irons for us.

A jolly Virginia cousin has typewritten us a cheery note, which I will now read for your edification.

728 South Pine St., RICHMOND, VA., Feb. 17, 1907.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

My soul thrills with rapture when I sit down to write you, for you are "one in a million" who can love so many at one time.

You might take one of the cousins (fair sex), and leave one less old maid. Just wait until Leap Year and give us all an equal chance.

Nothing would give me more pleasure than to tell you right now how much I think of you; but, shall wait until 1908, and console my troubled mind with the thought that I love and am loved by Uncle Charlie, if he hasn't been Osterized in the mean time.

Many who read C. L. O. C. corner insist I write you that they may read your opinion of me. When you hit me, hit me hard—not with a brick bat, but a love lick. If I do not see this in print, I shall be the happiest mortal, for I shall take it for granted, I am to be The Cousin in 1908—as silence gives consent.

When you come to the Jamestown Exposition I shall certainly attempt to kidnap you, then take you on the Pocahontas boat on a sail up the noble James River to dear old Richmond, the real garden spot of the world. If you have not visited Richmond, you have missed half your life. We have Jefferson Davis (in ashes) here, and many more illustrious ones. A real White House (now Con-

federate Museum). Bostock's Menagerie, which contains specimens of all wild animals of the globe. St. John's Church in which Patrick Henry made his fiery speech. Railroads entering the city from the four points of the compass. Hospitals, colleges, hotels, factories, book-binders etc., and many other places of interest.

When you come to visit here (you will never leave), pack your trunks with both socks, or, if you haven't a trunk, tie them up in a red bandanna or flour sack. We have a city ordinance which prohibits expectorating on the sidewalks, so be careful. You must also not hunt squirrels in our public parks.

I would not do justice if I failed to mention Justice Crutchfield who is the Uncle Charlie of our city. The daily papers give an account of his witty remarks as he metes out justice to petty thieves, old soaks, etc.

If you give my letter to Billy the Goat, you will not have that one hair left to wear to Richmond. Your niece in Dixie Land, S. E. ROBERTSON (16,724).

Sue, dear, I shall certainly accept your offer of marriage, as I do all the offers that come my way, and I'll get my trousseau ready right away. I need another sock, and a collar button, and half an undervest, and that I think is "trewso" enough for any gentleman. On second thoughts I think I could dispense with the other half of the undervest, as I believe it is quite warm around Richmond (at least they made it warm enough for me, when I was there last), and superfluous clothing can be discarded. If you don't like the looks of me, Sue, dear, when I arrive you can put me in Bostock's Menagerie. Bostock will never have a specimen of all the wild animals in the world until he gets me. I thought Bostock had an animal menagerie and not a Menagerie, as you have it. You must give my regards to Patrick Henry, and tell him that some years ago, I was trying to recite his great speech at a church supper, and while I was getting it off in great style, I saw the members of the Ladies' Aid Society fixing the oyster stew at the back of the hall, and then my thoughts wandered, as they always do, when there is any eating on the board. I'd got the audience in a fierce state of excitement, and was just reaching the climax, "As for me, give me liberty or give me death," when I saw the oyster stew and then I said: "As for me, give me liberty, or give me—oyster stew!" then I had to run. I shan't violate your ordinances as to expectorating on the sidewalk, as I am not guilty of that disgusting habit, but should nature or circumstances force me to fracture my manners in this regard, I'll use Billy the Goat's plug hat. I shall not hunt squirrels either, Susan dear, I shall simply hunt you, and after I've found you, if you survive the shock of seeing me all by myself at once, I will prayerfully resign myself to your embrace, and trust Providence for the rest. As regards being Osterized, I think I am under the age limit, but am not sure. My chicken coop was burned down last week, and all our ages got burned and none of us know how old we are. Anyway, dearie, I'm not too old but what I can love you with a great, big, palpitating, sixteen cylinder, forty-four horse power love, but you don't take me out on the James River in that Pokerhontas boat. Not on your linctype. I'm on to your little stunt. You'd marry me, take me out in that boat, throw me overboard, drown me, and get all my money. Anyway, dear, I am coming to the Jamestown Exposition, and we'll meet in Lover's Lane, and on the War path, and if you want a little Virginia Creeper of your very own to raise and board for life, you can take me.

I'm tired of working for a living.

Here is a breezy little letter from a cousin down in Texas.

LA FAYETTE, UPHEUR CO., TEXAS.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

Here comes another jolly girl of sixteen, asking for permission to sit on your knee, and chat a while with you and your nieces and nephews. I am a brunette, have brown eyes, and dark brown hair, am five feet three inches tall, weigh one hundred and fifteen pounds.

Uncle Charlie, this is my first attempt to write to your band.

I am going to school now at La Fayette, a small town of two dry good houses, one drug store, post-office, schoolhouse, and one church, two cotton gins, one shingle mill, and about three hundred inhabitants.

I live two miles west of La Fayette and walk to school.

Uncle, do you give Billy a desert with his dinner? But nevertheless my intentions are to write again, and then I shall come with a subject and a sweet smile, and just a whole lot of kisses for you. Uncle, I think you are the jolliest and kindest fellow I have ever seen, and your picture looks so sweet with that bald spot on your head. But never mind, Uncle, I am going to make you a wig out of some hog's hair.

As all the rest of your nieces write and tell what nice cakes they can bake I will tell you that I can bake potatoes and that is all. I have had a little experience in making syrup puddings, but I can't make a cake.

How many of you cousins like music? I do, but can't play much. I have an organ, but like the piano the best. Uncle, how do you like music?

I imagine you and Billy can make some sweet music when he has you by your long golden curls. Kiss me good by, Uncle, and throw me my bonnet and I will go.

Correspondence solicited.

I am your little friend and hope to be called your niece. ADDIE GARRETT.

Now, Addie, to discuss your letter.

First, let me tell you I am intensely interested in those two "dry good" houses in your burg. A house that will dry good, is a blessed thing, especially in a damp country, where it rains 365 days out of the 365, as is often the case, I believe, in Oregon. A house that would dry good out in the web-foot regions, would certainly be a Godsend. My chicken coop won't dry good, for though Maine is a dry state, it is very damp at times (especially in the drug stores). You must write and tell the cousins what methods of construction are used in those dry good houses, so they can be copied and erected in those states where the rainfall is excessive. Please explain your methods of weather-proofing houses, and also tell me what you mean by coming with a subject and a sweet smile. I have heard of a South Sea Islander going to a reception dressed in a plug hat, and a clear conscience, but never knew of a lady going around with a subject and a smile. As regards a desert for Billy's lunch, Billy says he wouldn't eat a desert, it's too dry. He says a desert for desert would make him desert the table and run for his life. Can't you find something more appetizing than an old sandy desert for Billy to chew?

Comfort's League of Cousins

For the information of those who have not been regular readers of COMFORT, and others who are becoming interested in the Cousins' League for the first time, and are ignorant of its aim and objects, the following facts will be of interest:

The League of Cousins was founded as a means of bringing the scattered members of COMFORT's immense circle of readers into one big, happy family. Its aim is to promote a feeling of kinship and relationship among all readers. It was prima-

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 10.)

Jerry, The Backwoods Boy

By Horatio Alger, Jr.

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Jerry Blue, a boy fourteen years old, lives with Squire Parkhurst. Going in search of a lost cow he finds hoof prints. He hears an odd sound, and "Stop, Nero! Stop, I tell you!" Suddenly a horse bursts into view. From one stirrup drags the form of a horseman. Jerry stops the horse, saving the man from death. Henry Maxwell questions Jerry as to his parents and his home. He is Squire Parkhurst's bound boy and was taken by him out of the poorhouse in New York City. Jerry does not know how long he was there. A man named Cass takes him away for two years; he is killed and Jerry goes back. Henry Maxwell gives him gold for his bravery. When Jerry is his own master he will try to clear up the mystery of his identity. When Mr. Maxwell goes back to New York he will look into the matter for him. Jerry offers the money back; the man refuses to take it. Jerry finds the cow, and he wonders about himself. He does not dream of the odd things to happen before the secret of his identity is revealed.

A few miles to the south of where Jerry meets Henry Maxwell, night and darkness overtake Dick Clarke, who meets Indian John, and asks him to guide him to a place of shelter. They arrive at Hill's Tavern. The landlord is curious as to his visitor's home and name. He may call him Clarke, as to his stay he will be guided by circumstances, and he inquires about the chief settlers. There is Isaac Davenport, an officer in the war, Henry, the Major's only son, a graduate of Harvard, Squire Parkhurst, and his daughter Mabel. The landlord often sees Henry Davenport and Mabel Parkhurst riding together.

Mehitable Higgins lives at Squire Parkhurst's, and at thirty-seven is unmarried, and unwilling to admit the years. Jerry Blue annoys Mehitable.

Jerry Blue takes a gun to shoot deer. Dick Clarke inquires of the landlord the way to Squire Parkhurst's. As he walks along there is the discharge of a gun, the bullet of which lodges in his hat. Jerry mistakes him for a deer. Dick Clarke asks the boy to conduct him to Squire Parkhurst's. Jerry tries to conceal the gun, but Mehitable meets him. Jerry relates his adventures and reckons he is in search of a wife. Dick Clarke meets Squire Parkhurst, and tells him he is a lawyer by profession. Though Squire Parkhurst lives in the wilderness, Dick Clarke knows he was born to wealth. Inheriting fifty thousand dollars from his father, his investments fail and he leaves New York. His daughter takes the change more kindly than he. Mr. Parkhurst is anxious and ready to hear anything he may have to say. Dick Clarke has the power to replace him in his old position, and promises nothing he cannot perform.

Dick Clarke buys, at auction, an antique desk belonging to Squire Parkhurst's father. He discovers a hidden drawer, containing a paper, which tells the place of concealment of a large fortune left by Squire Parkhurst's father. Dick Clarke thinks the finder should receive some reward and seeks the hand of Mabel Parkhurst. Her father yields so much that he agrees to give him the marriage portion, ten thousand dollars. Dick Clarke refuses the sum, without Mabel for his bride. He knows where the money is concealed. Jerry's opinion of Dick Clarke is not favorable; he thinks he has seen him before at Dan Cass's, or the poorhouse. Jerry starts fishing; he meets Henry Davenport who inquires for Mabel. He finds her near the wilderness home. He declares his love, and steals the first kiss. Jerry, perched on one of the upper branches, witnesses all.

Henry and Mabel agree to make their love known to their parents. Mabel asks to see her father alone. Mehitable's curiosity is aroused. Mr. Parkhurst makes known to Mabel the object of Dick Clarke's visit. The revelation gives her pleasure, but not for herself. Her father remembers she has something to say and she tells of her love for Henry Davenport. If she marries Henry Davenport he may never recover his property. Mabel insists he be given what her father intends for her, and not ask her to surrender all the happiness of her life to this man's keeping. She loves Henry Davenport, as for this man she only does not love, but she believes she begins to hate him. She will see him herself, and beseech him to take from her the hard choice of sacrificing herself and bringing unhappiness to her father. Mabel calls. The condition of restoring her father's property relates to herself, and it is impossible for her father to comply with it. Her heart is won by Henry Davenport. She urges Dick Clarke to accept a part of the money, it is in his power to place in her father's hands. It is a proposition he cannot consider. Mabel bids him good morning. Clarke admires her pride.

CHAPTER XV.

LONG ARROW.

At the date of our story some of the Indian tribes still occupied lands in the heart of our present civilization. The stern destiny which year by year has thrust them farther away from the hunting grounds of their fathers was indeed taking shape. Already the forests had been felled, and the smoke of many a settlement rose through the clear air throughout the Eastern States, and even the eastern portion of New York had become too densely peopled for the aboriginal inhabitants. It seemed impossible for the two races to breathe the same air. But in the interior of the State the settlements were so few that remnants of the tribes yet lingered, reluctant to exchange the home whose varied and beautiful scenery had so recommended it for lands farther west, which were neither endeared to them by old association nor of so fair an outward aspect.

Among these remnants was a band of about fifty warriors who made their home near the beautiful lakes of which the Empire State is justly so proud. One of their villages was located about ten miles from the settlement that has thus far been the scene of our story.

A space had been cleared of trees to an extent of about two hundred yards square, and there, scattered irregularly about, stood the wigwams of the tribe. In all, the village numbered not far from two hundred and fifty inhabitants, including men, women and children.

Fortunately for the neighboring white settlement they had always been amicably disposed to the strange race who were gaining a foothold among them. Such at least was the general sentiment, although occasionally one, fiercer or gifted with greater foresight than the rest, contemplated with ill-concealed alarm and jealousy the onward sweep of European civilization.

The chief of this remnant of a tribe bore, as was usual among the Indians, a name founded upon his personal qualities. He was called Long Arrow, and the reader will of course conjecture without difficulty that the name was given in compliment to his reputation as a skillful archer. This reputation, however, rather bore reference to the past than to the present, for the chief was no

longer young. He had one daughter, a maiden of sixteen, who, for grace and beauty, bore off the palm among all the maidens in the village. For this reason, as well as her rank as the only daughter of the leading man in the tribe, her hand was eagerly sought by more than one of the young men who surrounded her.

But the daughter of a chieftain was not to be lightly or easily won. Probably Waurega herself would readily have made her own choice, but her father was not only to be consulted, but expected to have the controlling voice in the matter. And Waurega being of a yielding disposition, and having a great reverence for her father, never dreamed of disputing his will.

Already he had had several applications from young men for his daughter's hand, but he had invariably answered that she was too young yet to marry. But he voluntarily promised that on Waurega's seventeenth birthday he should make the selection of his future son-in-law, and recommended them to have patience until then.

To this advice the young men submitted with the better grace, perhaps, because each one, in the plenitude either of his vanity or his hope, fancied that his own chance of success was the best. But whether or not this should prove correct, the will of the chief was law, and it was useless to think of thwarting it.

Waurega had too much of the spirit of her sex not to have some choice in the matter. Though her filial subordination was such that she did not venture to mention the subject to her father, she earnestly hoped that his choice would rest upon a certain young man who bore the name of Okanoga. Waurega's preference certainly did her credit, for there was not in the village a more shapely and handsome youth than he. He was an adept in all manly exercises, and had approved himself in all respects an honorable and high-minded young man, and had never been charged with a base or dishonorable action.

As Waurega's seventeenth birthday approached she could not avoid speculating much and anxiously upon her father's probable choice. But upon this point she was left entirely to conjecture, since, with an Indian's habitual taciturnity, he did not choose to indicate by the slightest sign what that decision would be. But upon the evening preceding the eventful day he broke through his silence.

He had sat for an hour at the door of his lodge smoking a pipe, with that imperturbable gravity which is characteristic of an Indian. Yet occasionally his glance would stray to his daughter, who was stirring about within the lodge, attending to some domestic duty. He took care, however, not to let his daughter see that she was an object of attention, for he cautiously withdrew his glance whenever he thought that she was likely to observe it.

At length, however, he removed the pipe, and called his daughter by name.

"Waurega!"

At the sound of her name, the maiden came instantly to her father's side, and looked anxiously in his face.

"Take your seat beside me, Waurega," said the chief; "I have something for your ear."

In a graceful attitude of childlike dependence and trust Waurega sank to the ground, and rested her hand upon the knee of the chief.

"Let my father speak," she said. "His words are as music to the ear of his child."

"Thou hast ever been a good child, Waurega," said the chief, fondly stroking the luxuriant hair of his daughter.

"The heart of Waurega leaps for joy at these words from the great chief her father," said the maiden, while her face beamed with satisfaction at this unwonted commendation from her stately and taciturn parent.

"The sight of thy face in my lodge has been very pleasing to me, and thy step has been like that of a young fawn, Waurega, but the time has come when thou must leave thy father's lodge."

The young girl murmured inaudibly, and clung the closer to her parent's knees. She knew to what he referred and her heart beat faster. The next sentence, no doubt, would reveal the name of the husband whom her father had selected for her.

Would it be Okanoga? So she fervently hoped.

"Seventeen times the corn has risen and the snows have fallen," said the chief, "since Waurega came to her father's lodge. She was a child then, small and weak, and her foot, now swift like the fawn's, had no power. But now she has grown into a maiden pleasant and fair as her mother was, and the young men have asked her father to give her to them as a wife."

The chief paused, but Waurega only nestled the closer to his side and still kept silence.

"It is right that Waurega should wed," said the chief. "The Long Arrow is growing old. The young sapling has become an old tree, and the time shall come when the warriors will need a new chief. It is right that Waurega shall wed and raise up a successor to tread in the steps of the Long Arrow, and take his place at the council-board."

"Now," thought the Indian maiden, "will my father speak the name of my husband. Oh, that it may be Okanoga!"

But again she was mistaken.

"Waurega must be the wife of one who is brave and skillful. One whom Long Arrow shall not be ashamed to acknowledge as his son."

The old chief went on to explain the plan of selection which he had adopted. It was characteristic, and showed that he had not forgotten his ancient skill with the bow. In brief, he proposed to have a trial at archery, open to all the young men in the tribe, his daughter's hand being the guerdon of the victor. The trial was to take place at ten in the morning, and immediately upon the result being known the simple rites of the Indian marriage were to take place, and Waurega would at once assume the duties of a wife.

Waurega listened in silence, and not with-

out satisfaction, for she well knew that her favorite Okanoga was skilled in the use of the bow, and she fondly anticipated that he would win the prize.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE CHIEF'S PROCLAMATION.

When the sun was an hour high Long Arrow convoked a meeting of the young men of the tribe. There was not one that did not know the meaning of this summons, for this day had been anxiously looked forward to by more than one of them.

When all were assembled, and silence was obtained, the chief spoke.

"My children," he said, "I have called you together to choose a husband for my daughter. For seventeen summers she has grown up in the lodge of the Long Arrow, and now she is old enough to wed. Is there anyone among you that would be the husband of Waurega?"

"I! I!" shouted fifteen young men simultaneously.

The chief slowly glanced from one to another, and then his eye rested with a glance of pride upon his daughter, who stood half screened from view behind him. Despite his grave appearance, he could not help feeling proud of such a tribute to the power of his daughter's attractions.

"It is well," he said after a brief pause. "There are many that would lead Waurega to their wigwam, but she can marry but one."

Again there was a pause, and the hearts of the young men beat now high with hope, now fast with suspense.

"I cannot give her to all," continued the chief. "I would give her to the best."

Again he paused, but after a brief silence continued, his figure swelling with conscious pride.

"You know, my children, that I am called the Long Arrow. When my form was as straight and my eye as sharp as yours, there was not a young man in the tribe who could speed his arrow farther or straighter to the mark than mine. Many a time have I loosed the shaft and brought down the bird that was swift upon the wing. Many a time has my arrow drank the heart's blood of the enemy. He that would win the daughter of Long Arrow must shoot the best arrow. I have said."

Of course it was understood that there was to be a trial of skill, and that the hand of Waurega was to be the guerdon of the victor.

Two hours were allowed for the preliminary preparations. The young contestants were anxious to see that their bows were in proper trim. They at once dispersed to their respective wigwams, and began to tighten the strings, and select their best arrows, so that the trial might be made under the most advantageous circumstances.

Some of them had but a faint hope of success. They had been pitted against each other so many times that the particular degree of skill possessed by each was a matter of general knowledge.

Yet none wholly despaired. Accidents may happen in the best-regulated families, and even the most skillful are liable to failure. There were two, however, who had hitherto borne off the palm of archery, and who stood much the best chance of victory.

The first of these was Okanoga, the favored lover of Waurega. He heard the chief's proposal with satisfaction, for he had well-grounded confidence in his own skill. Besides he had everything to stimulate him to unwonted effort. He had glanced at the face of Waurega, and he interpreted aright the shy glance of encouragement. She wished for his success, and he determined to leave nothing undone to secure it.

The other and only formidable rival of Okanoga was the Indian introduced in the early part of this tale as Indian John, sometimes called Jack, who is destined to play quite an important part in our story. It will be remembered that he served as the guide of the lawyer when wandering bewildered in the woods. His position in the tribe was by no means so desirable as that of Okanoga. He had sunk into disgrace through his habits of intoxication, which had been steadily increasing upon him. His father, with stern sorrow, lamented the degradation of his son, and had often remonstrated with him, but to no purpose. John had listened sullenly, and when his father ceased speaking would stray away by himself, and whenever by any means he obtained a sum of money, it invariably found its way into the till of Hill's Tavern.

Besides the passion for drink there was one other to which John had yielded. In common with the young men of the tribe he loved the chief's daughter. Till now he had loved her hopelessly, for his conduct and degradation were such that it would have been the wildest presumption for him to dream of an alliance with the pure-minded Waurega.

But now an opportunity was presented of which he might take advantage. The competition was open to all, and by the terms no one was excluded. She was without reserve to become the wife of him who shot the best arrow. John well knew his own skill and was proud of it. The time had been when in virtue of it he held a position equal to that of his chief rival, Okanoga. For among the Indians skill and prowess universally command respect and regard. But this was before he had yielded to the baleful spirit which had brought him down from his high estate. There were times when John became sensible of his fall, and formed the determination to abjure the tempting fiend which had caused it. But appetite again asserted its claims, and again he yielded.

But when the chief made the announcement which had created so great an excitement among the young men, a spark of the old fire kindled in the breast of John, and his step became prouder as he thought how great a change success in the approaching trial would effect in his present position. There was nothing that would so certainly restore him to the respect of his comrades, who now

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regarded him with ill-concealed contempt. But apart from this desirable change in the popular estimation of him, he would win the prize which so many coveted. The beautiful Waurega, daughter of the great chief, would then become his wife. He would lead her to his wigwam and henceforth become the envy of the tribe. Yes, he would try. He would do his best, and perhaps, nay, it was very possible that he would succeed.

The same thought had come to another. The father of John, though he had felt deeply the humiliation of his son, had not lost all confidence in him. When he came staggering home, his naturally good features wearing the besotted look of a drunkard, in all his indignation and sorrow he could not help recalling the time when John stood forth among the young men prominent for his skill and strength, and a feeling of pride in the past mingled with his mortification for the present.

He, too, had not failed to recognize the importance of his son's seizing this moment to retrieve his well-nigh lost position and establish his reputation on its old foundation.

He waited for his son in the wigwam that they jointly occupied.

"Has my son heard the announcement of the chief?" he asked, fixing his eyes upon John.

"He has," was the brief reply.

"And does not his heart warm to the daughter of Long Arrow, the beautiful Waurega, whose step is light upon the turf, and whose smile is like the sunshine?"

"Waurega is very fair. Happy will be he who shall win her to enter his wigwam," replied the son.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 10.)

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BY KATE V. SAINT MAUR.

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Bees

IN any ordinary country district each hive should bring a clear profit of two dollars a year, and their care consumes so little time, that they do not interfere with other work at all.

The vicious temper of the old-time black bee had much to do with people's neglect of this profitable industry. The Italian bee is, however, so much better as a honey-gatherer, that they are almost universally kept now, and are so gentle in disposition that even a nervous person can easily learn to manipulate them without fear of stings.

Another advantage in keeping bees is their real value in fertilizing blossoms. Many blossoms have to depend entirely on insects to carry their pollen, and no insect does this work so well as the busy bee. A good supply of bees in a district means a good crop of fruit.

Most of the modern hives are made on the Langstroth model, with movable frames, so that one make is as good as another.

A hive, with a full colony of bees and the queen, will cost nine dollars. An extra hive for the swarm, four dollars and thirty-five cents. If, however, you have already established on the old-fashioned plan, you need only get a couple of hives and a tested queen, which will cost about a dollar and a half.

The beginner's natural desire to increase his apiary often leads him to think that every swarm is an advantage, which is a great mistake. The progressive bee-keeper tries, in every possible way, to discourage swarming, so as to keep the colonies strong; it being an established fact that three meager colonies will not gather half as much honey as one full complement.

One swarm early in the season from each hive will double your stock, and will not materially interfere with the storing of honey. If you purchase a hive, colony and queen, early in the spring, a swarm is likely to issue about May. Usually the excited condition of the bees will indicate when this is about to take place. If they were bought from a practical bee-keeper, you will have little trouble, because the queen will have had one wing cut, which prevents her flying; so when the swarm issues from the hive, she will be found on the ground near the hive, with a group of bees around her, and the principal swarm not very far away.

Approach very quietly, and place a small wire trap over the queen. The traps are sold by all the bee supply firms, and cost, I think, twenty-five cents. Place the trap in the opening of the hive you desire the swarm to occupy, cautiously approach the full swarm and, with a soft broom, sweep the bees into the hive, if the position they occupy makes it possible. If not, use a box or pan, and carry them to the hive, and empty them in front. They will soon commence to occupy the new home. The slide of the queen trap can be opened, and the bees inside will settle down to business.

Should the queen not have been clipped, the swarm may all go up into a tall tree, or even travel some distance and be lost, unless someone is watching. For this reason it is well to have the hives located where they are easily seen from the house, and make a rule to have a close inspection once or twice a day, during the spring.

You may wonder that I have said nothing about stings during this hiving process. The truth is that, before leaving the old home, all the bees that are going out with the queen load themselves with so much honey, to insure food for themselves and the royal mother, as well as propolis—a sort of gummy varnish, which they use to stop cracks, and cover rough surfaces—that they are rarely able to sting. If, however, you are nervous, you can subject the main bunch to a few whiffs of smoke. A queen never uses her lance except on a rival queen.

This condition, of course, does not obtain at other times; so before such work as replacing sections or foundations, the smoker, a bellows-like arrangement, must be lighted. When burning freely, blow a few whiffs into the entrance, and about the corners of the hive. This stupefies the bees, and renders manipulation of them, and an invasion of their domain, comparatively safe. However, it is always wise to wear a veil made of mosquito netting to fit on the hat and hang well down. Gloves can also be worn. The Italian bee is the best to keep—a gentle little creature, once familiar with, the gloves will soon be discarded.

After the abdicating queen and her followers have left the old hive, there remain some few thousands of imperfectly developed females of mature age, called workers, a few hundred males called drones, a few thousand young workers, and many thousands of eggs, each reposing in its own particular cell. The most perfect system of government prevails in the hive, each individual insect having allotted duties, which are apparently intuitively understood, accepted, and conscientiously performed, in unerring routine, from the hour of birth.

When the baby breaks from its cell, it walks out into the busy world of the hive, and, after a few hours, dips into an unsealed cell of honey, and sips its first meal; not, however, to be selfishly consumed by its own body, for the larger portion of this honey is secreted, and, after a little while, is converted into a predigested, milky food, the quality of which this wonderful little nurse has the power of regulating, as it wanders from cell to cell, feeding the one to seven-days-old larva. Occupants of royal cells re-

ceive the most carefully digested food; next in quality come the workers; last the drones. At the end of six days, the cells are capped over, by workers, with a paper-like surface, and the well-fed, worm-like occupants left for eleven or twelve days, during which time they develop shape and strength to gnaw their way out. After the six or seven days of nursing, come six or seven days of building combs, and cleaning the hives; and then, being strong enough, the worker begins the arduous work of foraging.

The first young queen to issue from her cell, after the old queen's abdication, becomes the reigning sovereign, maintaining her right by might, tearing down all queens' cells, and killing any princesses who are making their entrance into existence. For about a week she marches around, monarch of all she surveys, exempt from all toil or duty. Then she issues from the hive, takes a few circles about, then returns. Probably on the same, or day following, she will take what is called the "nuptial flight", meet some drone in mid-air, and return some hours later, to become sole mother of the hive, and be so treasured by the colony that they feed her on royal jelly all her life, and tend her with the most zealous care. During every twenty-four hours of a good season, when pollen is plentiful, a queen lays from two thousand five hundred, to four thousand eggs.

Within a week or two after a virgin queen has taken her nuptial flight, the hive should be opened and the frames removed, one by one, and examined until the queen is found. She can be distinguished from the others by the length of body, and the way the other bees cluster around her. Pick her up very gently by the back, being careful not to squeeze her abdomen, and, with a pair of sharp scissors, clip both wings on each side of her body. This insures a short flight at swarming-time.

The drones, as the name implies, do not even earn their own living, being ruthlessly killed at the first approach of scarcity.

Bee culture is an interesting occupation, and well worth attempting.

Correspondence

I. E. O.—Being so far from a depot, I think your best course would be to keep hens for egg production. Pack and ship to a city market, as prices within your vicinity are hardly worth catering to. As you can raise most of your own feed, sow wheat and oats, and raise clover hay and very little corn, which will give you a well-balanced ration for the climate you live in.

S. D.—I think, as you take COMFORT regularly, you have only to look in some of the back numbers to find instruction for rearing young turkeys. I am sorry that it is quite impossible to answer by mail.

J. F. J.—At the request of several of our correspondents, I have been trying to find people who have Buff Orpington ducks, or eggs, for sale, and though I have corresponded with several people keeping them, all have imported stock, and have not yet bred sufficient to care to sell, as this is an entirely new breed, and only lately introduced into the country.

F. B.—Give your birds more animal meat, plenty of clover hay, and wheat. Stop corn in the quantities you have been feeding it.

W. F. is anxious to have instructions for incubation, and asks why chickens die in shells after pipping.

A.—The eggs have either been laid by debilitated stock, or there have not been enough males with the hens, or the trouble may arise through fault in running the incubator. Refer to the last two months, which have given instructions for incubating and brooding.

V. J. G.—Do you think there is money in the poultry business, if one has a liking for it? (2) How do you pull feathers from geese and ducks? (3) Where, and at what time of the year, do you sell them?

A.—Yes, there is money in the poultry business for those who are energetic, and are interested in the work. (2) It is hardly worth while plucking ducks and geese while alive, at the present time, as feathers do not bring what they did; but all feathers should be kept when killing young stock for market, the plucking being done whilst the animal heat is still in the body. (3) May and June are good months for selling young ducks. Thanksgiving and Christmas are two great markets for both ducks and geese.

A. K.—I have turkeys with windbladder. One has it on the chest, the other on the wing. What can I do for them?

A.—Air puff, or emphysema, arises from an injury to the lungs, caused by a fall, or sometimes feeding. As the injury to the lung heals, the air puff will disappear. You can relieve the bird, and hasten recovery, by pricking the blister with a needle, to allow the air to escape.

A. H.—Your birds are too fat. If possible, give them free range, and feed only at night, quite a light meal of hulled oats, or wheat.

P. N. F.—When is the best time to market ducks?

A.—Young ducks sell well in May and June. Full grown are better kept for Christmas.

L. M.—Which is the best make of roofing paper, with which to cover chicken-houses? And how many hens will a house twelve by twenty-five keep well for the winter?

A.—We have used both makes of roofing paper, and found them equally satisfactory. If the whole space is given to the fowls, without any passageway, about forty birds.

F. B.—Is a house seventeen by eleven large enough for twenty-two hens? (2) I got two hundred and ten eggs in February. Will a sixty incubator be the right size, or would you get a larger one? (3) Where is the best place to put it? It could go in a bedroom upstairs, or in the cellar, which is large, dry and well lighted. (4) Would it be better to have an incubator and brooder combined, or separate? Which is better, indoors or out? (5) Do you think Minors are as profitable as Plymouth Rocks?

A.—Yes, if your birds have a large yard or free range, and the house is kept very clean. (2) I think an incubator which holds about one hundred and twenty would be the most serviceable. (3) A well-ventilated cellar would be the better place to stand it in. (4) Decidedly, get two separate machines. I like outdoor brooders, for then you can use them in a room early in the season, and stand them outside as the hatch gets settled. (5) No, I do not, especially when young chickens for market are desired.

W. H. F. desires to know which is the best breed of hens for eggs, and young chickens for killing, and if a sixty-egg incubator would be advisable for family use. Has three young roosters, three months old. Would they caponize and brood chicks this season? How can they be made to stay in the nest and take the chicks?

A.—The White Wyandotte or Plymouth Rock. A sixty-egg incubator would be useful, but a hundred and twenty size would be better. To make good brooders, the birds should be caponized the fall previous. Accustom them to nesting in a small coop on straw, instead of roosting with the other fowls. Give them the chicks at night; the little ones will nestle to the warmth, and, unless it happens to be a bad-tempered bird, it will assume a mother's duty in the morning.

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4.)

One year—one year—one little year,
And so much gone!
And yet the even flow of life
Moves calmly on.

My Dears:

Was there ever a paper published that takes so much pains, and trouble with its different departments? I know of many that pray for and bless Comfort for bringing them help, light, and sunshine, in so many ways. Now then put on your specs, and read the following:

"My dear J. A. D. Come out here in the woolly wild West and 'rough it.' It sha'n't cost you a cent. We have a horse a lady can ride. I want you to see a 'Round up' of cattle. My wife and I live in a shack all alone 'Mit our sellus.' We have an organ, two good cows, hens, sheep, plenty of beef, so don't lack for grub, come on." God bless that generous soul, and all this is because I have written them cheering letters, and buoyed them up a bit, and mark this, it has all come about through our own dear COMFORT. This magazine is doing untold good, bringing happiness, pleasure, assistance, health and wealth to many of its readers.

Mrs. Alice Geiger, Libby, Mont., writes me: "I live on a homestead, alone most of the time. You cannot know what a blessing COMFORT and all the cheerful letters are to me, so far from civilization. This is a mountainous, well-timbered district and well-watered. Perhaps if we walk along cautiously we can see some deer, it is interesting to watch them unseen, then make a slight noise and see them go bounding gracefully away, other animals are seen occasionally, but they are harmless. Do come out and see some of the wonderful things in Montana. Have you any bachelor girl in Massachusetts? We have quantities of bachelor men that need helpmates and companions."

Do you know that silk handkerchiefs make the most beautiful waists? It takes five, thirty-two inches square each. Anyone with ingenuity can make them, the front suggests a surplice or V. I have not space here to give directions but will send to anyone inclosing stamps.

H. J. Wall. Have you ever tried olive oil for scalds, using it as a liniment?

Miss Mattie Tipton, Irving, Ky., would like to hear from some of our business girls in California.

To some of our singers let me say, try singing "My Trundle Bed" to the tune of "Rain Upon the Roof," and "Hush My Babe Lie Still and Slumber," to the original air. It is lovely. You will find the words to "My Trundle Bed" in February number.

Girls look at number 6712, on the pattern sheet, page 26, February number, also 6777, there you are for the summer nightgowns. 6808 is just the skirt and waist for the girl that requires straight lines. 4139 and 4099, easily laundered, and keeps the little dress clean underneath, and do you see 4133 what a natty little coat? The wearer looks as though she would like a Teddy Bear to carry, get the largest size pattern for the bear, these are all the very latest spring and summer styles. Surely COMFORT is supplying all our wants. I sometimes wonder if they have any geese's yokes or second-hand pulpit for preachers? No doubt they would get them and the moon, too, if we should ask for them; it seems all we have to do is to wish for something and it will appear in our next COMFORT. As one lady wrote me, "I was wishing for a recipe for lemon pie one day; my COMFORT came, and as sure as you live there was a fine lemon pie recipe right under my nose."

J. A. D. (Mrs. Van Dyke), Orange, R. F. D., 1, Mass.

Tested Recipes from Comfort Sisters

The writer's name or initials will appear at the end of one or more of the recipes.—Editor.

Dandelion Wine

One gallon dandelion blossoms picked when the sun is shining. Put in stone crock; pour over them one gallon of boiling water. Let stand in a cool place for three days; then put in a porcelain-lined kettle, with the rind of three oranges and one lemon cut up fine. Boil fifteen minutes, strain, add three pounds of sugar and the pulp and juice of the oranges and lemons. When lukewarm add half a Fleischman's yeast cake. Stand one week in a warm place. Strain again, let stand until it stops working, then bottle.

Rhubarb Wine

One hundred pounds will make four gallons. One gallon of water, ten pounds of sugar. Mash and pound rhubarb to pulp, add sugar and water and let stand thirty days, strain and bottle. Another way of making the Rhubarb Wine. Allow one quart each of water, sugar, and fruit, mash all together let stand, stirring every day. When fermentation ceases. Strain and bottle.

J. A. D. (Mrs. Van Dyke).

Frosted Creams

One cup of sugar, one cup of shortening butter or part lard, one cup of molasses, one fourth cup of buttermilk, one egg, one teaspoonful of cinnamon and ginger each, two teaspoonfuls of soda in one tablespoonful of vinegar, flour to make soft dough, roll out one half inch thick, and cut into squares, and bake. Frost with pulverized sugar stirred up with either hot or cold water until thick enough to spread, flavor frosting if you like.

Has anyone a recipe for roll jelly cake that is tried and true?

Mrs. H. MUELLER, Box 143, Tilden, Neb.

Tomato Soup

One quart of soup stock, and one quart of water, and one quart of tomatoes. Boil half an hour, strain the liquor and mash the tomatoes through a sieve, pour back into kettle, and add three stalks of celery, one small onion, and one or two whole cloves. Boil one hour. One tablespoonful of tapioca may be added, or rice same quantity if desired. EDELLA CLOWES, Thief River Falls, Minn.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 11.)

Cure for Liquor and Tobacco.

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ST. ELMO

By Mrs. Augusta J. Evans Wilson

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Edna Earl witnesses a duel, and Harry Dent falls dead. The body is carried to the home of Aaron Hunt, Edna's grandfather. Edna goes to her grandfather's blacksmith shop, where he is shoeing a vicious horse. The owner, impatient at the delay, curses her grandfather. Aaron Hunt dies suddenly, and for weeks Edna retains a vague remembrance of keen anguish. She decides to go to Columbus, Georgia, to work in the factory, and boards the train at Chattanooga. Night comes on and she is awakened by a succession of shrill sounds and all is chaos. Edna, severely injured, is carried to the home of Mrs. Murray, who will educate her, exacting certain things. St. Elmo, Mrs. Murray's son, comes home. Edna overhears his words of disapproval, and in his voice, recognizes the man who cursed her grandfather. She falls asleep in the garden. St. Elmo discovers a dangerous dog near her, and thunders for her to keep still. He seizes the dog and commands the girl to bring him a stick. She pleads for the dog and the stick from his hand refuses to give it back. St. Elmo is dumb with astonishment. He walks up and down his elegant rooms. On a slab is a miniature tomb, the richly carved door of which is opened only by a key, which never leaves St. Elmo's watch-chain.

Mrs. Murray secures Mr. Hammond as Edna's instructor and she begins the study of Latin and Greek. St. Elmo starts on a long journey. He intrusts the key to Edna's keeping on two conditions; first not to mention it to anyone, and that she will not open the tomb, unless he falls to return at the end of four years and she has good reason to consider him dead. She promises not to betray the trust. Gordon Leigh, a young man of wealth, studies with Edna, and together they begin Hebrew. Edna receives an invitation to a party given by Mrs. Inge, Gordon Leigh's sister. He gives Edna a curious ring with characters meaning, "Peace be with thee." Edna goes to the party and overhears criticisms concerning the scheme to make a marriage between her and Gordon Leigh.

Edna goes to the library. She is conscious of some unseen presence. She walks up to the tomb, and takes the key from its hiding-place. Unless she has reason to believe he is dead she is not to open it. Again she is positive of some powerful influence, and looking up sees Mr. Murray. He is ready to receive an account of her stewardship. He doubts her, if she has kept her promise there will be a report. He had thought his confidence killed. She stands firm. Edna is seized with authority and submits her work. Mrs. Murray announces the coming of her niece, Estelle Harding. St. Elmo objects. Edna receives her rejected manuscript from Douglas G. Manning.

Gordon Leigh offers his heart and home to Edna; she refuses him. St. Elmo queries in the presence of his mother who writes to Edna from New York. Mr. Manning reconsiders his opinion and writes Edna she may send the manuscript as far as written. Mrs. Murray insists that she see the letter. She doubts Edna's word, and she reluctantly shows Mr. Manning's signature. Orlinton Allison is announced. In him she sees the slayer of Harry Dent and refuses recognition. St. Elmo demands an apology. Edna remains firm in her conviction. Mr. Hammond has visitors in his niece, Agnes Powell, and her daughter, Gertrude. Edna bitterly criticizes an article in Manning's magazine. She confesses to Mrs. Murray that she is the author of the essay St. Elmo ridicules and shows the magazine containing Mr. Manning's praise of her work. St. Elmo goes on the scene.

The truth that she loves St. Elmo comes to Edna, and she decides to leave the Bogue. Mrs. Murray pleads with her to stay. Gertrude Powell is fascinated with St. Elmo and wonders if it is wrong to love him. St. Elmo brings a celebrated doctor to Hildah Reed and finds Edna there. She gives him a note from Gertrude. If she had only gone before she knew there was any redeeming quality in his sinful nature. St. Elmo confesses the sin and shame of his past wretched life. Gertrude stands between them. He loves only Edna. Her heart pleads for him and itself. She does not yield. Edna visits her old home, and sees a monument erected by St. Elmo, to the memory of her grandfather. She goes to New York and becomes governess to Mrs. Andrews's children.

Douglas Manning calls on Miss Earl and offers assistance. Henceforth she will occupy a different position in the home. Felix objects. Edna goes to the opera with Mr. Manning. She tells Gordon Leigh, who tells the rumor of St. Elmo's marriage to Estelle Harding. Standing by Murray Hammond's grave St. Elmo hears the aged father talking, and seeing St. Elmo, Mr. Hammond pleads with him. His magnanimity unnerves St. Elmo; he asks for forgiveness and promises to visit Mr. Hammond. Sir Roger Percival invites Edna for a drive in the Park. She is the envy of every woman. A letter from Mrs. Murray announces the marriage of Gordon Leigh to Agnes Powell. Mr. Manning purchases a beautiful home and asks Edna to share it with him. She does not comprehend the request and he begs her to take a day or a week, if need be, for consideration. She cannot accept his fatherly offer. He will not forsake her as long as they both shall live.

Edna has a severe illness which causes alarm. Her physician advises rest. Edna rather die working than live a drone. Felix's feeble health compels Mrs. Andrews to take him to the seashore. Edna accompanies them. She receives a letter from Mrs. Murray. Mr. Hammond is very ill and needs Edna. She makes a desperate fight with her fading heart, and in her utter loneliness turns to Felix—she must have some one to love. She knows that he loves her better than anything else in the world. If there is any good in him he shall be her for it. Sir Roger Percival comes to see Edna and tells her why he comes back to New York, instead of sailing from Canada. Mrs. Andrews considers Edna the luckiest woman in America, and when she tells her Sir Roger calls tomorrow for England. Mrs. Andrews has no patience and, going upstairs, mutters, "Show me a gifted woman a genius and I will show you a fool." Mrs. Andrews returns to the city. Edna has another severe attack. She rallies and goes on with her work. Mrs. Murray comes to see Edna. Why has she not told her she is ill? Mrs. Murray would have been there before but is detained by Estelle's marriage. "Did you say Estelle was married?" Estelle marries the Frenchman, Victor De Sansure. Edna faints. Mrs. Murray will take her home. Why does she not tell St. Elmo she loves her and wishes to make her his wife. Can she not trust the mother of the man she loves? Edna says no. She visits Mr. Hammond, and receives a note from St. Elmo. She breaks the seal.

CHAPTER XXXII. (CONTINUED.)

"MY DARLING: Will you not permit me to see you before you leave the parsonage? Knowing the peculiar circumstances that brought you back, I cannot take advantage of them and thrust myself into your presence without your consent. I have left home today, because I felt assured that, much as you might desire to see 'Le Bogue,' you would never come here while there was a possibility of my wayward, sinful, impatient temper, even perhaps imagine what I suffer, when I am told that your health is wrecked, that you are in the next room and yet, that I must not, shall not see you—my own Edna! Do you wonder that I almost grow desperate at the thought that only a wall—a door—separates me from you, whom I love better than my life? Oh, my darling! Allow me one more interview! Do not make my punishment heavier than I can bear. It is hard—it is bitter enough to know that you cannot, or will not trust me; at least let me see your dear face again. Grant me one hour—it may be the last we shall ever spend together in this world."

"Your own,"

"Ah, my God! pity me! Why—oh! why is it that I am tantalized with glimpses of a great joy never to do my duty, am I brought continually to the very gate of the only Eden I am ever able to find in this world, and yet can never surprise the watching Angel of Wrath, and have to stand shivering outside, and see my Eden only by the flashing of the sword that bars my entrance?"

Looking at the handwriting so different from any other which she had ever examined, her thoughts were irresistibly carried back to that morning when, at the shop, she saw this handwriting for the first time on the blank leaf of the Dante; and she recalled the shuddering aversion with which her grandfather had glanced at it, and advised her to commit it to the flames of the forge.

How many such notes as this had been penned to Annie and Gertrude, and to that wretched woman shut up in an Italian convent, and to others of whose names she was ignorant?

Mrs. Murray opened the door looked in, and said:

"Come, I want to show you something really beautiful."

Edna put the note in her pocket, took the bouquet, and followed her friend downstairs, through the rotunda, to the door of Mr. Murray's sitting-room.

"My son locked this door and carried the key with him; but after some search, I have found another that will open it. Come in, Edna. Now look at that large painting hanging over the sarcophagus. It is a copy of Titian's 'Christ Crowned with Thorns,' the original of which is in a Milan church, I believe. While St. Elmo was last abroad, he was in Genoa one afternoon when a boat was capsized. Being a fine swimmer, he sprang into the water where several persons were struggling, and saved the lives of two little children of an English gentleman, who had his hands quite full in rescuing his wife. Two of the party were drowned, but the father was so grateful to my son that he sent him several letters, and last year he sent him this picture, which, though of course much smaller than the original, is considered a very fine copy. I begged to have it hung in the parlor, but fearing, I suppose, that its history might possibly be discovered (you know how he despises anything like a parade of good deeds), St. Elmo insisted on bringing it here to this Egyptian Museum, where, unfortunately, people cannot see it."

For some time they stood admiring it, and then Edna's eyes wandered away to the Taj Mahal, to the cabinets and book-cases. Her lip began to quiver as every article of furniture babbled of the By-Gone—of the happy evenings spent here—of that hour when the idea of authorship first seized her mind and determined her future.

Mrs. Murray walked up to the arch, over which the curtains fell touching the floor, and laying her hand on the folds of silk, said hesitatingly:

"I am going to show you something that my son would not easily forgive me for betraying; for it is a secret he guards most jealously."

"No, I would rather not see it. I wish to learn nothing which Mr. Murray is not willing that I should know."

"You will scarcely betray me to my son when you see what it is; and beside, I am determined you shall have no room to doubt the truth of some things he has told you. There is no reason why you should not look at it. Do you recognize that face yonder, over the mantelpiece?"

She held the curtains back, and despite her reluctance to glance into the inner room, Edna raised her eyes timidly, and saw, in a richly carved oval frame, hanging on the opposite wall, a life-sized portrait of herself.

"We learned from the newspapers that some fine photographs had been taken in New York, and I sent on and bought two. St. Elmo took one of them to an artist in Charlestown, and superintended the painting of that portrait. When he returned, just before I went North, he brought the picture with him, and with his own hands hung it yonder. I have noticed that since that day he always keeps the curtains drawn over the arch, and never leaves the house without locking his rooms."

Edna had dropped her crimsoned face in her hands, but Mrs. Murray raised it forcibly and kissed her.

"I want you to know how well he loves you—how necessary you are to his happiness. Now I must leave you, for I see Mrs. Montgomery's carriage at the door. You have a note to answer; there are writing materials on the table yonder."

She went out, closing the door softly, and Edna was alone with surroundings that pleaded piteously for the absent master. Oxalis and heliotrope peeped at her over the top of the lotus vases; one of a pair of gauntlets had fallen on the carpet near the cameo cabinet; two or three newspapers and a meerschaum lay upon a chair; several theological works scattered on the sofa, and the air was heavy with lingering cigar-smoke.

Just in front of the Taj Mahal was a handsome copy of Edna's novel, and a beautiful rocco-bound volume containing a collection of all her magazine sketches.

She sat down in the crimson-cushioned armchair that was drawn close to the circular table, where pen and paper told that the owner had recently been writing, and near the inkstand was a handkerchief with German initials. S. E. M.

Upon a mass of loose papers stood a quaint bronze paperweight, representing the Wandering Jew; and on the base was inscribed Mr. Murray's favorite Arabian maxim: "Ed dunya diftem ee talbeha kilabe: The world is an abomination and those who toil about it are dogs."

There, too, was her own little Bible; and as she took it up it opened at the fourteenth chapter of St. John, where she found, as a book-mark the photograph of herself from which the portrait had been painted. An unwithered geranium sprig lying among the leaves, whispered that the pages had been read that morning.

Out on the lawn birds swung in the elm-twig, singing cheerily, lambs bleated and ran races, and the little silver bell on Hildah's pet fawn, "Edna," tinkled ceaselessly.

"Help me, O my God! in this the last hour of my trial."

The prayer went up moaningly, and Edna took a pen and turned to write. Her arm struck a portfolio lying on the edge of the table, and in falling loose sheets of paper fluttered out on the carpet. One caught her eye; she picked it up, and found a sketch of the drawing, and dated fifteen years before, were traced in St. Elmo's writing, those lines which Henry Soame is said to have penned on the blank leaf of a copy of the "Pleasures of Memory":

"Memory makes her influence known By sighs, and tears, and grief alone. I greet her as the fiend, to whom belong The vulture's ravening beak, the raven's funeral song!"

She tells of time misspent, of comfort lost, Of fair occasions gone forever by; Of hopes too fondly nursed, too rudely crossed, Of many a cause to wish, yet fear to die; For what, except the instinctive fear, Lest she survive, detains me here, When all the 'Life of Life' is fled?"

The lonely woman looked upward, appealingly, and there upon the wall she met—not as formerly, the gleaming, arrogant, inexorable eyes of the Cimmerian Prophetess—but the pitying God's gaze of Titian's Jesus.

When Mrs. Murray returned to the room, Edna sat as still as one of the mummies in the sarcophagus, with her head thrown back, and the long, black eyelashes sweeping her colorless cheeks.

One hand was pressed over her heart, the other held a note directed to St. Elmo Murray; and the cold, fixed features were so like those of an Angel of Death sometimes sculptured on cenotaphs, that Mrs. Murray uttered a cry of alarm.

As she bent over her, Edna opened her arms and, said in a feeble, spent tone:

"Take me back to the parsonage. I ought not to have come here; I might have known I was not strong enough."

"You have had one of those attacks. Why did you not call me? I will bring you some wine."

"No," only let me go away as soon as possible. Oh! I am ashamed of my weakness."

She rose, and her pale lips writhed as her sad eyes wandered in a farewell glance around the room.

She put the unsealed note in Mrs. Murray's hand, and turned toward the door.

"Edna! My daughter! you have not refused St. Elmo's request!"

"My mother! Pity me. I could not grant it."

CHAPTER XXXIII.

"JUDGE NOT, THAT YE BE NOT JUDGED."

"They have come. I hear Gertrude's birdlike voice."

The words had scarcely passed Mr. Hammond's lips ere his niece bounded into the room, followed by her husband.

Edna was sitting on the chintz-covered lounge, mending a basketful of the old man's clothes, and, throwing aside her sewing materials, she rose to meet the travelers.

At sight of her Gordon Leigh stopped suddenly, and his face grew instantly as bloodless as her own.

"Edna! Oh! how changed! What a wreck!" He grasped her outstretched hand, and a look of anguish mastered his features, as his eyes searched her calm countenance.

"I did not think it would come so soon. Passing away in the early morning of your life! Oh, my pure, broken Lily!"

He did not seem to heed his wife's presence, until she threw her arms around Edna, exclaiming:

"Get away, Gordon! I want her all to myself. Why, you pale darling! What a starved ghost you are! Not half as substantial as my shadow, is she, Gordon? Oh, Edna! how I have longed to see you, to tell you how I enjoyed your dear, delightful, grand, noble book! To tell you what a great woman I think you are; and how proud of you I am. A gentleman who came over in the steamer with us, asked me how much you paid me per annum to puff you. He was a miserable old cynic of a bachelor, ridiculed all women unmercifully, and at last I told him I would bet both my ears that the reason he was so bearish and hateful, was because some pretty girl had flirted with him outrageously. He turned up his ugly nose especially at 'blue stockings'; said all literary women were 'hopeless pedants and slatterns.' I really thought Gordon would throw him overboard. I wonder what he would say if he could see you darning Uncle Allan's socks. Oh, Edna, dearie! I am sorry to find you looking so pale."

All this was uttered interjectionally between vigorous hugs and warm, tender kisses, and as Gertrude threw her bonnet and wrappings on the lounge, she continued:

"I wished for you just exactly ten thousand times while I was abroad, there were so many things that you could have described so beautifully. Gordon, don't Edna's eyes remind you very much of that divine picture of the Madonna at Dresden?"

She looked round for an answer, but her husband had left the room, and, recollecting a parcel that had been stowed away in the pocket of the carriage, she ran out to get it.

Presently she reappeared at the door, with a goblet in her hand.

"Uncle Allan, who carries the keys now?"

"Edna. What will you have, my dear?"

"I want some brandy. Gordon looks very pale, and complains of not feeling well, so I intend to make him a mint-julep. Ah, Edna! These husbands are such troublesome creatures." She left the room jingling the bunch of keys, and a few moments after they heard her humming an air from "Rigoletto," as she bent over the mint-bud, under the study window.

Mr. Hammond, who had observed all that passed, and saw the earnest distress clouding the orphan's brow, said gravely:

"She has not changed an iota; she never will be anything more than a beautiful, merry child, and is a mere pretty pet, not a companion in the true sense of the word. She is not quick-witted, or she would discern a melancholy truth that might overshadow all her life. Unless Gordon learns more self-control, he will ere long betray himself. I expostulated with him before his marriage, but for once he threw my warning to the winds. I am an old man, and have seen many phases of human nature, and watched the development of many characters; and I have found that these plague marriages are always mournful—always disastrous. In such instances I would with more pleasure officiate at the grave than at the altar. Once Estelle and Agnes persuaded me that St. Elmo was about to wreck himself on this rock of ruin, and even his mother's manner led me to believe that he would marry his cousin; but, thank God! he was wiser than I feared."

"Mr. Hammond, are you sure that Gertrude loves Mr. Leigh?"

"Oh! yes, my dear! Of that fact there can be no doubt. Why do you question it?"

"She told me once that Mr. Murray had won her heart."

It was the first time Edna had mentioned his name since her return, and it brought a faint flush to her cheeks.

"That was a childish whim which she has utterly forgotten. A woman of her temperament never remains attached to a man from whom she is long separated. I do not suppose that she remembered St. Elmo a month after she ceased to meet him. I feel assured that she loves Gordon as well as she can love any one. She is a remarkably sweet-tempered, unselfish, gladsome woman, but is not capable of very deep, lasting feeling."

"I will go away at once. This is Saturday, and I will start to New York early Monday morning. Mr. Leigh is weaker than I ever imagined he could be."

The outline of her mouth hardened, and into her eyes crept an expression of scorn, that very rarely found a harbor there.

"Yes, my dear; although it grieves me to part with you, I know it is best that you should not be here, at least for the present. Agnes is visiting friends at the North and when she returns, Gordon and Gertrude will remove to their new house. Then, Edna, if I feel that I need you, if I write for you will you not come back to me? Dear child, I want your face to be the last I look upon in this world."

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 14.)

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Jerry, the Backwoods Boy

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 7.)

"Is not the arrow of John as true as that of any of the young men?" said his father persuasively.

"Does he not recall his ancient fame? Will he not strive with the young men, that perchance he may win the prize of victory? Then will the young men cease to deride him because he has given himself up to the power of the strong fire water of the English, that has so often mocked him, and made him appear like a silly woman. Will he not turn away from it, and take the place that is his?"

"My father has spoken well," said John gravely. "I have been foolish, but now I will be wise. My arrow shall fly to the mark with those of the young men."

"It is good," said the delighted parent, who had feared that his love for drink had so far blunted the ambition of his son that he would find it difficult to lead him to his wish. "It is good. My son shall conquer. When the sun sets he shall lead the fair Waurega to his wigwam."

Cheered by this confident anticipation of his success, John sought out his bow and arrows, and examined them closely to make sure that they were in a proper state to use in so important a trial.

CHAPTER XVII.

INDIAN JOHN'S DOWNFALL.

Unfortunately for Indian John's chances of success, a strong temptation presented itself to him while he was engaged in preparing for the trial of skill now so near at hand.

This temptation assumed a form the most difficult for one of his nature to resist.

The day previous he had succeeded in obtaining a little money for a service rendered to one of the whites, and had as a matter of course gone to the tavern to invest in liquor. Usually he was unprovided with more than would buy what he could drink at once, but on this occasion he was better supplied. He accordingly purchased a bottleful, which he brought home with him. This bottle he had laid away, so that it might not meet the eye of his father. But as he was preparing for the trial, as luck would have it, the thought of this bottle, the contents of which were not more than half exhausted, came to him, and with it the pangs of thirst assailed him.

Should he stop a moment and quench his thirst?

Under ordinary circumstances he would have done so, but the thought that he needed a clear head and a steady hand restrained him for a moment. He knew that at his best Okanoga would be a formidable rival, who would not allow him to win the victory without a struggle. Should he be so imprudent as to endanger his aim by drinking, his rival's chances would be very greatly increased.

This was enough to make him pause. The thought of the magnitude of the stake for which he was playing, the attractive prize, and the restoration to respectability might lead him to struggle with his craving appetite.

At any rate he was resolved to try it, and accordingly laid down his bow and arrows, and made his way to the hiding-place where he had laid the bottle.

It proved to be more than half-full. John's eyes sparkled as he held it up to the light, and from that moment he resigned himself without a struggle to the power of his enslaver. Then, overcome by the strength of his potations, he sank down in a stupor with the bottle by his side.

Leaving him in this condition we shift the scene, and conduct the reader to the spot where the trial was to take place.

As already mentioned, the village was located in an open space, in the center of which were situated the buildings. Around there was a belt of land, a part of which was devoted to the limited agricultural purposes for which the Indian was known. On one side, however, it was unplanted. It was here that the trial in archery was to take place.

Of course so important an event made a great stir in the little settlement. In an Indian village, even more than in a small New England town, something of private interest becomes common property. This arises in great measure from their living so much in common. Of course, therefore, such an occurrence as a trial which should decide to whom the chief's daughter should be given was no ordinary one. Half an hour before the time arrived, the people of the village, men, women, and children, were gathered in groups at the spot where it was understood that it would take place. All the village was collected except the young braves who were to contend for the prize. They were busily engaged in testing their bows, and fitting them for service. Among the exceptions, also, was the chief, whose dignity, as well as his own interest in the result, made it only proper that he should remain away. Last, but not least, Waurega herself, the fair subject of all these preparations, was concealed from view in her father's lodge. To her it was a momentous time. An hour would decide her destiny for life. She entertained a well-grounded hope that Okanoga would prove successful, but this was not certain. His bow might break, his arrow might be too light or too heavy, perhaps even the knowledge of the importance of the contest might act unfavorably upon him by depriving him of the coolness which such a trial eminently required. Besides, she had accidentally learned that John was about to enter the lists, and she knew too well his ancient skill not to have some apprehensions on this score. There was not one of the contestants whom she would not sooner have succeeded than he. If she had not known her father so well, she might have thought that in such an event he would draw back from his engagement. But this was impossible. Long Arrow was a man of his word, and would keep it at all hazards. No doubt it would be exceedingly distasteful to him to give his daughter to one who had so degraded himself in the estimation of the tribe, but it would be done.

Waurega, then, had some reason to feel disturbed. Her life destiny was about to be settled, and hardest of all, she must remain passive while it was being decided. There was nothing which she could do to insure the victory to the lover of her choice, otherwise than to let him know how ardently she longed

for his success, and of this he was already well aware.

But the minutes were flying, and the limited time allowed to the contestants for preparation had nearly passed. As Waurega sat with down-cast eyes, her mind given up to anxious speculations upon the uncertainties of her position, suddenly her father presented himself.

He was dressed in the style which he was wont to adopt on occasions of importance, and was resolved that no effort should be spared on his part to impart dignity and impressiveness to the approaching spectacle.

"Is my daughter ready to go forth and see the young men strive which shall lead her to his wigwam?"

"Need Waurega go?" asked the maiden with an appealing glance. She felt that she would prefer to remain by herself until the issue was decided, and thus be spared the anxiety of watching the varying success of the different claimants for her hand. But this was evidently no part of her father's intention. He considered that it would not be in consonance with the proprieties of the occasion, and it is a mistake to think that the Indians, and others whom we are wont to consider more unconventional than ourselves, are really less wedded to the conventions which prevail among them than ourselves.

To Waurega's appeal, therefore, the chief answered by intimating, in a manner which could not be mistaken, that it was not only his desire, but his will that she should be present on the occasion.

Trained up to habits of implicit obedience, Waurega never thought of questioning this decision of her father's, but at once proceeded to array herself for the occasion. And here, as was not unnatural under the circumstances, a little of that admiration for finery, and a desire to appear as well as possible in the eyes of her rustic admirers, led Waurega to array herself in her best attire. She knew that she would be a general center of observation to all who were present, and she reflected with not a little complacency how much envy she would excite in the bosoms of some maidens in the tribe who felt themselves fortunate if they could secure but a single lover.

Waurega's dress would not perhaps have excited much complacency in a belle of the present day. She had at some time become the possessor of a piece of bright red calico, obtained from the English settlement near by, which she had fashioned into a garment to suit her own taste. Around her neck she wore two separate strings of beads of different colors. Of these she was not a little proud, viewing them in the same light as a fashionable lady would her diamonds. Other parts of her attire must be left to the imagination of the reader. It is enough to say that when she presented herself to her father, and professed herself ready to go forth, he viewed her with a critical look which besided into a glance of approbation. Moreover, the thought which she had expended upon her dress had superseded for a time the more anxious thought which the occasion was calculated to inspire.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

This story, full of exciting incidents, of a boy, young in years, yet mature in judgment, will hold the interest of the boys and girls as well as those of older years. If not a subscriber send 15 cents before the price advances. Read the next chapter, "The Trial of Skill," thereby keeping the thread of the story without a break.

Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6.)

It started as a society for the juvenile members of Comfort's family, only, but those of more mature years clamored for admittance so persistently that it was deemed advisable to impose no age limit; thus all are eligible to admittance into our League provided they conform to its rules and are animated by the child spirit.

Though the older folks are admitted, the young folks will always be the first consideration, and Uncle Charlie will write his page with a view of entertaining our young people solely.

Those who wish to join our League can do so by subscribing to COMFORT for one year or inducing some one else to subscribe, and sending us their subscription. No premiums will be given those sending in members for the League.

If you are already a subscriber you can join by renewing your subscription, or subscribing a year ahead. You can have the membership card and button sent to yourself and the COMFORT to a friend, if you already take the paper. All who join the League will receive a button and a handsome certificate of membership, also COMFORT for one year, and the privilege of having their names in the letter list.

How to become a Member

In order to become a full-fledged League member and procure a card and button, you must become a paid-in-advance COMFORT subscriber by sending fifteen cents to the subscription department, for yourself, or renew your own subscriptions now. When you do this, send five cents extra, or twenty cents in all, and say that you wish to join COMFORT's League of Cousins.

The five cents additional pays your membership fee and for the League button and membership card engraved with your own name and membership number. All previous League membership offers are hereby withdrawn and only those who strictly comply with our above offer will be admitted to membership. It costs but twenty cents to join the League, a League which promises to be the greatest society of young people on earth. Never in the world's history was so much given for so little. Never could twenty cents be invested to such advantage, and bring such splendid returns. Don't hesitate, join us at once and induce your friends to do likewise.

All those League members, who desire a list of the cousins residing in their several states, can secure the same by sending a stamped addressed envelope and five cents in stamps to Nellie Rutherford, 1442 Pacific St., Brooklyn, N. Y., our grand secretary. Some of the lists contain hundreds of names, so our secretary must have some trifling remuneration as she is devoting the whole of her time to this work.

League Sunshine and Work of Mercy for May

Anna B. Berns, Chebanse, Ill. Shut-in for thirteen years, flat on her back. Writes beautifully, does exquisite fancy and needlework. Send for list of the lovely things she makes. She wants a wheel chair. Mrs. Nettie Lindsey, Gowrie, R. F. D., 1, Iowa. Both limbs amputated above the knees, has sat in a chair for nineteen years. Write her cheery letters. Rice Bailey, White Plains, Ky. Ten years old, weighs thirty pounds, partially paralyzed, never walked. Dear little sufferer needs cheery letters, postals, pictures, etc. Financial help not needed. Wm. Kinter (28), Home, R. F. D., 2,

Pa. Helpless shut-in. Fine writer. Send ten cents for his booklets. No home, no means. M. Lillian Perkins, Hunlock Creek, Pa. Helpless, bedridden shut-in, very sick and without means. Give her all the cheer you can. George R. Kendrick, Spencer, Henry County, Va. Helpless shut-in, very needy. Loves to get letters—put something in them. Mrs. Mina Lee, Egypt, R. F. D., 1, Ga. Helpless three years, in great need of medical treatment and cheer. Great sufferer. Jim Wall, Oxford, N. C. Is thirty-five May 5th. Give him a birthday party. Mrs. Nellie Marhofer, Coloma Station, Wis., has eight children, needs clothing. Freight to Plover, Wis., Partridge Co. Miss J. W. Beck, Easton, R. F. D., 1, Pa. Is not bedridden, but is able to get around with the aid of crutches. She simply desired to give the world her bed-sore cure, but needs no assistance. Isaac Pierce, Lenoir, N. C. Has lain helpless for thirty-five years. Who will cheer this poor martyr? John Gordon, the American boy with the broken back, who lies in the House of Industry, Perth, Ontario, Can., has been offered a home by a noble, big-hearted family in Omaha. A friend has arranged for his transportation, but now bonds have to be furnished that he will not become a public charge, and the Omaha folks cannot shoulder this responsibility. The poor chap is heartbroken, and I don't wonder. What can be done for him? Write to him, not to me. Rebecca Thomas, Milledgeville, N. C. Doctor says she will never walk again, and is weary of sitting in one place. Needs a wheel chair. There, that's a big list, and a big opportunity for you to do some real noble, unselfish work. May Providence direct and bless your efforts is the fervent hope and prayer of

Lovingly yours,

Uncle Charlie.

STUB ENDS OF INFORMATION

There are only 40,000 miles of railway in Asia. There are 228,234 medical doctors in the world. Consumption is most common between the ages of 25 and 30.

The Chinese compass points to the South instead of the North.

Christopher Columbus was a sailor, the son of a wool comber.

Sneeze before seven, and you'll have company before eleven.

Farm real estate has increased 33 1-2 per cent in value since 1900.

Daniel Defoe, author of "Robinson Crusoe" was the son of a butcher.

Sixty-five thousand Chinamen work in Nanking at making paper fans.

John Bunyan, author of "Pilgrim's Progress," was a traveling tinker.

Out of about 30,000 employees in the Panama Canal zone, 4,000 are Americans.

Japan has 4,633 miles of railway, 1,461 of which are owned by the government.

The Sultan of Turkey has sanctioned the building of an electric trolley line in Syria.

Twenty-five thousand girls are employed in the telephone exchanges of New York city.

The endowments of Harvard University amount to \$18,000,000, and of Chicago to \$20,000,000.

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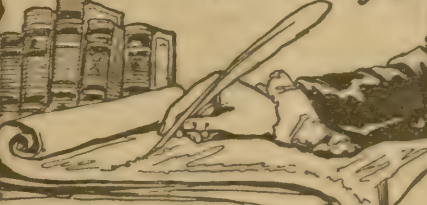
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Comfort's Home Lawyer



In this department will be carefully considered any legal problem which may be submitted. All opinions given herein will be prepared at our expense by eminent counsel.

Inasmuch as it is one of the principal missions of COMFORT to aid in upbuilding and upholding the sanctity of the home, no advice will be given on matters pertaining to divorce. Any paid-up subscriber to COMFORT is welcome to submit inquiries, which, so far as possible, will be answered in this department. If any reader, other than a subscriber, wishes to take advantage of this privilege, it may be done by sending fifteen (15) cents, in silver or stamps, for an annual subscription to COMFORT thus obtaining all the benefits which our subscribers enjoy including a copy of the magazine for one year.

Should any subscriber desire an immediate, special opinion on any legal question, privately mailed, it may be had by sending one dollar with a letter asking such advice, the same to "THE EDITOR, COMFORT'S HOME LAWYER," 400 W. Madison St., Chicago, and in reply a carefully prepared opinion will be sent in an early mail.

Full names and addresses must be signed by all persons seeking advice in this column, but not necessarily for publication. Unless otherwise requested, initials only will be published.

P. W.—We think that, if your brother's sentence was to pay a fine or serve a stated time in prison, and if he has served his time in prison, the prosecution would now have no claim against him for the payment of the fine. We think that a claim upon a mortgage would ordinarily be preferred to a note claim, unless the mortgage was set aside, or procured by fraud. We think it would be wise for you to have your brother execute a chattel mortgage upon his property to you, to secure to you the money you have advanced him in the purchase of the same. You should have the mortgage recorded. The fact that a person contracted a debt in one County and subsequently took up his residence in another, would not relieve him in any way, from the debt.

L. E. S.—It will be necessary for you to first locate the property, in which you think you have rights of inheritance, before you can take any steps toward discovering what your rights of inheritance may be. (2) The English Consular Service includes a representative in almost every port and country in the world.

Mrs. W. F. F.—We are of the opinion that, if the man whose road you wish to close, can prove that he and the persons or person from whom he purchased the property have had undisputed and absolute possession of the same for the period of ten years, under the laws of the State from which you write, your right of action for its recovery is barred by limitations, but that, if you can prove that he has not fully established his title by adverse possession, you can reclaim the land. We can only give you the law on the case, but cannot tell you what would be the result of a court or jury on the facts of your case, as that depends upon what defense the other side puts in, as well as the view the Court takes of the testimony of the various witnesses on both sides.

Mrs. E. N.—We are of the opinion that, under the laws of the State you mention, if a man dies leaving no will, and if he leaves a wife but no children, or issue of deceased children, his estate both real and personal, and the payment of his debts, would go one-half to his widow and the other half to his father and mother or brother or sisters, unless it amounts in all to less than fifteen hundred dollars, in which event the Court has power to make further provisions for the widow. (3) The property you mention is all personal property. (3) We think the mortgage, you say your husband has given, is a lien upon the land it covers, and your husband's estate would only realize the equity or difference between the value of selling price of the land and the amount it is mortgaged for.

W. F. B.—We think you should renew your action against the receiver of the Company. If you can substantiate upon the facts you state to us, we think you should get judgment and the receiver would be of any value or not would depend upon whether the Company has assets enough to liquidate its indebtedness.

A. G.—We know of no way for you to enforce the payment of your claim against your brother, without its being made public. We think, if your brother refuses to pay you money he owes you, that you should not hesitate to sue him, and compel him to pay it. We have no sympathy for a man who withholds from his sister her property, unless he has some good reason for doing so.

C. L.—We are of the opinion that B. would, upon the death of her husband, have dower in the real estate owned by her husband at the time of his death, and acquired thereafter, but not in the land he disposed of before marriage. We do not think it absolutely necessary that the deed be recorded, but we do think it would be much better to have it recorded, in order to shut off any question as to the fact as to whether the transfer was bona fide, or simply held by the children for the purpose, with the intention of barring his widow from her dower.

M. H. S.—We are of the opinion that, if you voluntarily turned your property over to your husband, there is no way for you to recover it. (2) We think your son is entitled to pay for his services for the time not barred by the Statute of Limitations, unless he has in some way waived his claim.

J. J. P.—We think you should renew your suit against the administrator of the estate of the man you first sued.

Mrs. E. W.—We are of the opinion that the note you mention is collectible, provided, of course, the man, whom you say signed the note, has property sufficient to pay the same, and provided the Statute of Limitations has not been against it.

Mrs. E. E. E.—We are of the opinion that the deeds you mention would be valid as against the grantor, if not recorded; to be valid against any subsequent holder of a deed to the same property; the first deed should be recorded within forty-five days after its execution, and the second deed at once. You can either take the deeds to the County Clerk, or other proper officer, of the County in the State where the property is situated, and have the same recorded upon paying the recording fee, or send them by mail (registered mail would be better), or express, together with the recording fee, and have them recorded. You should enclose a postpaid envelope addressed to yourself, and ask them to return the deed, after recording to you. If you do not know the amount of recording fees, send the deed with a request for the amount, and send that afterward. The fees vary in amount in different places, but rarely exceed \$2 or \$3, unless the deed is a very long one.

J. L. M.—Under the laws of the State you mention, we are of the opinion, that ten years' peaceful possession of real estate, cultivating, using and enjoying the same, and paying taxes thereon, would give to the possessor full title to one hundred and sixty acres, and all beyond which he had in actual possession. Whether you can establish title to the land you mention in this manner, depends entirely upon your proof and questions of fact. Possibly the taxes against it have been assessed with the other property you own, and you may have paid the taxes. If the taxes have not been paid, the only way for you to get title for the payment of the taxes would be through a tax sale of the land. If your statements to us are in all respects correct, we think that your record title to the property is defective, and that your only chance to hold the property is by proving title by adverse possession in the manner above stated. Upon your statements to us, we think the title to the land is in the heirs at law or devisees of the man who first divided it.

Mrs. C. M. E.—If your husband's mental condition is such that the Courts would refuse to appoint a committee or trustee to take care of his property, and if the property you mention belongs to him alone, we do not think there is any legal way for you to compel him to repair the property unless he consents to it.

Mrs. G. F. M.—The fact that under the laws of the State you mention, in case the couple you mention had been married prior to April 20, 1877, the property of the husband would pass differently upon his death, than in cases where the marriage had been performed since that time, does not extend to births of either party prior to that time. You state that the couple you mention were married in 1880. Therefore, upon the death of the husband leaving no will, his property would pass as stated in our former communication to you, which applied to cases where the marriage was entered into since April 20, 1877, and the fact that one of them was born before that time has no bearing on the case.

C. E.—We are of the opinion that the word "issue," used in the manner you describe, means "child or children of your own body." (3) We do not think you can

convey good title to the property you mention, as you do not own it; you simply have a life estate in it.

A. J. S.—Please send the question to which you desire an answer.

Mrs. W. J. B.—Communicate with the Bureau of license in the County or State in which you reside.

B. J. E.—We are of the opinion that the information given by a patient to his physician, in a professional capacity, is confidential and privileged, and the physician cannot be compelled to testify in regard to it in a legal proceeding, unless his patient waives his privilege.

A. H. H.—Communicate with the Bureau of free lands, Washington, D. C.

L. L.—Under the laws of the State you mention, and upon the statements made by you to us, we are of the opinion that (1) if, at the time of your father's death he leaves no widow and no other children except the three you mention, and in case he leaves no will his estate both real and personal would be divided in equal shares among your children, that is, of course, after his debts are paid; if he marries again and leaves a widow, she would be entitled to one third, and the balance would be divided among the children in equal shares, so any child that might be born to him by another marriage would share equally with you three. None of you have any title to any of his property until his death, when the real estate descends by operation of law, and the personal property should be administered by an administrator appointed by the Court. You, as the oldest son, would probably be appointed, if you made the application. (3) If at the time of your father's death he leaves a will, of course his property would be distributed in any legal manner he directed in his will, and the executor, named therein, would have the distribution of it. It would be possible for him to cut any of his children out of a share in his estate by will, if he should so desire. So you see, it is to your own and your sister's interests not to get his displeasure any more than you can possibly help, as he might cut you all out of any share in his estate by his will. (3) We think the Statute of Limitations runs against debts and contracts, in your State, without the consent of you children. (3) Bank deposits, notes and mortgages are personal property. (3) Taking rail road ties in the manner you state would be larceny. (3) If your father's property could be criminally punished for getting drunk and sleeping in his own barn while in that condition.

Nebraska Lasse.—Upon the death of your husband, you will be entitled to dower in his real estate, and he cannot convey good title to it without your signature on the deed to release your fechoate right of dower. You have no other interest in his property during his lifetime, except that you can compel him to support you. Your children by a former marriage have no interest in his property, nor will they have in his estate, unless he provides for them by will, or legally adopts them. You have no recourse for his crossness unless it amounts to cruelty. We do not doubt that he, himself, regrets being so much older than you.

M. S.—Under the laws of the State you mention, we think, upon the death of a man leaving no children, his real estate would descend to his widow, if he leaves one, but, in case he should leave no child or children, or any widow, then his parents or the survivor of them would get the property. In case there is a widow she is preferred to the parents, just as children are preferred to the widow, except that the widow has dower in any event.

Mrs. M. R. M.—Upon your statements to us, we are of the opinion that, if the title to the property you mention was in the first wife of your husband, he does not own the property, but simply has an estate by curtesy in the land (the use of it for his life), and the property belongs, subject to his interest, to the children of his first wife. You and your children have no interest in the property, nor will you have upon his death, as his interest in it dies with him.

Mrs. P. H. T.—Under the laws of the State you mention, we are of the opinion that, if A. left no parent, his estate would have descended in equal shares to his brothers and sisters of the whole blood, and that the brothers and sisters of the half blood are excluded. (3) The sister of the whole blood who took possession, had no preference over the other brothers and sisters of the above blood, and they should enforce their right against her estate. (3) The limitation by statute, we think, runs in fifteen years, but it is very hard to establish.

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8.)

Correspondents Wanted

Mr. Grover C. Honeycutt, Admar, Va. **Miss Barry Neville, General Delivery, Greeley, Colo.** **Miss Sadie R. Salestrom, Orleans, Humboldt Co., Cal.** **Miss Iva King, Lexington, R. F. D. 1, Tenn., May 25, 1907.**

Comfort Postal Request

How to Get a Lot of Souvenir Postals Free
This exchanging of Post Cards has become a great fad all over the world and we are now helping our readers get thousands of postals without cost.

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The following persons wish to receive Souvenir Postals and agree to return all favors. Promptly requests will not be inserted here, unless a club of at least three subscribers is sent with the name. The publisher will then send you an assortment of Postals free, per offer above.

Olle Davis, Lindale, Ga. **Miss Edna Harris, 620 N. Congress St., Jackson, Miss.** **Miss A. Anderson, 21 Costa St., San Francisco, Cal.** **F. H. Fisher, Oceanide, Cal.** **Eddie Metz, Frank, Pa.** **Ida M. Kline, Parkston, S. Dak.** **Wm. Collier, 2156 Fulton St., Brooklyn, N. Y.** **Miss Elsie Lehman, 923 Court Ave., New York, Pa.** **Miss E. Wilby, Granville, N. Y.** **Frederick L. Whalley, Box 1865, Jewett City, Conn.** **Frank Marcelina, 651 Francis St., Defiance, Ohio.** **Miss Anna Hodge, Saint Helena, Napa Co., Cal.** **Mrs. Mary Woodward, Box 115, Swanton, Vt.** **M. Goranek, 4 Elm St., Yonkers, N. Y.** **Stephen Davis, 115 New Main St., Yonkers, N. Y.** **Miss Alice Selie, Ebenezer, N. Y.** **Irene Banta, Berryman, Mo.** **Miss Bessie Nagel, Box 61, Defiance, R. F. D. 8, Ohio.**

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Manners and Looks



"Virtue itself offends when coupled with forbidding manners."—Bishop Middleton.

In order to meet the demand for information made by COMFORT readers on the kindred subjects of Etiquette and Personal Appearance, this column will be devoted to them, and all questions will be answered, but no inquirer shall ask more than two questions each month. We would suggest to readers to cut this column out and paste it in a scrap book. Address letters to Etiquette Editor, COMFORT, Augusta Maine.

M. and S., Echo, Fla.—It is quite correct to pin a buttonhole bouton on a gentleman when he requests a lady to do so. Tying a man's tie is different, and it should not be done except for a kinsman or someone unable to do it himself. Surely an American girl can talk with a Dutchman if he speaks English or she speaks Dutch.

M. A. P., Mazon, Ill.—Don't ask him why he does not answer your letter. If you are very anxious, you might write and ask him if he had received a letter from you. Do it by postal. If he doesn't answer, pay no more attention to the matter. (2) Accept the man's escort home if you want him to go with you. And you may ask a man to see you home if you have no escort and are afraid to go alone. The better way is to ask your hostess to send someone home with you. A careful hostess will do that without the asking.

Subscriber, Chanute, Kans.—Indulge in no such familiarities unless you are engaged to the man. (2) Can't the man open the door for himself when he is leaving? (3) Introduce the man to the lady. Say: "Miss A. let me present (or introduce) Mr. B." An informal way is to say: "Miss A. do you know Mr. B.?" Still another way is to say: "Miss A. this is Mr. B." You may take your choice.

H. W., Monticello, Ark.—Engaged persons, by long established custom, are permitted to kiss each other. If the girl you are engaged to won't kiss you she is different from most girls, and you should ask her what her reasons are. She may be so ignorant, or sensitive, that she is silly.

Doubtful, Snohomish, Wash.—The man is undoubtedly your brother-in-law though married to another woman after your sister's death. If he is not, how can his child be your niece, or nephew? (2) In engraving a ring for a married woman, use initials those of her maiden name and her married name. If she were Mary Smith and married Jones, use "M. S. J." (3) It is not the custom for the bride to give the groom a present, though she may if she wish. Wedding presents are given before the wedding day.

True Sub., Chanute, Kans.—The girl may ask her Sunday caller to stay to supper if her parents have said she might. Or father or mother may ask him, as they please. The girl leads the way to the dining-room, just as she should lead the way into her own house. She may do as she pleases about going to the gate to meet him, but if it is pleasant outdoors and she sees him coming, it rather pleases him to have her run down to the gate to meet him, even if they are not sweethearts. (2) People walking don't "catch hold" of each other's arms any more, unless it is necessary. (3) Don't thank the man for paying for your dinner, but when you separate tell him you enjoyed the dinner and it was nice of him to ask you.

Anxious Young Man, Walla Walla, Wash.—The girl is probably indifferent and doesn't like to mention the little souveniers you have been sending to her. Ask her directly if she received them. If she says she did, ask her why she didn't let you know. You can do this in a friendly way and set her right as to the custom in such cases. But don't send her any more until you have got this little straightened out.

Brown Eyes, Hubbard City, Texas.—Usually when a caller starts to go, he is ready to go. Sometimes, though, callers do that just to see whether they are wanted longer. If you want him to stay longer, ask him to. (2) Lead the way into your own parlor. It is all right for the home folks to let the girl have the sitting-room when her beau comes to see her.

Florida Girl, St. Petersburg, Fla.—Engraved invitations are quite expensive. Printed ones, if well done, will answer the purpose quite as well, and cost very much less. Nothing is needed on the cards but "At Home," the date and hours, and your name, or your mother's or both, if both are hostesses.

Black-eyed Betty, Thurston, Neb.—We have asked our Oracle, not being versed ourselves in such matters, what "S. W. A. K." stands for, and we are reliably informed that its meaning is "Sealed With a Kiss," and the answer to it is "Skidoo."

Anxious Inquirer, Birmingham, Ala.—In view of the numerous quarrels you and the young lady indulged in, further, that she drew you down for another fellow deliberately, we should advise you to give her up and find someone more favorable. Do you want a house to fall on you?

Sad Sweetheart, Pullman, Ill.—You are young enough to wait and let these puzzling problems of mind and heart solve themselves. They will do it. In the mean time, if you are out of school, return again and study for a year or two. You won't learn too much.

Bashful Girl, Douglass, Okla.—You cannot remedy bulging eyes, though some eye specialist might. The flabby eyelids may be improved by a careful massaging. If you have means you should consult a specialist. You will probably make a bad matter worse by attempting anything yourself. (2) Blushing without apparent cause, is due to nervousness, or too much thought on yourself. Forget yourself and think of what is being talked about. Meet and talk with people as often as possible.

South Carolina Boy, Liberty, S. C.—When you start to church with the lady, let her know you are going only to the door with her. When you get there, say good day, or good evening, and bowing politely, go your way and let her go hers. (2) It is necessary to excuse yourself if you are going out of church, but you shouldn't let it be necessary to go out. It is bad enough to go out of a theater between the acts.

Mrs. B. J., Gas, Kans.—Seventeen is too young to marry. Still if you are bound to have it so, she shouldn't wear white if she wears a hat. If she is to be married at the preacher's house quietly, she should dress plainly, in her going-away gown for example. If there is to be a reception, then white is better. For going-away gown any dark colored stuff she can afford, but not anything light gray, or "bridey" color. She shouldn't advertise to the traveling public that she is a bride. Old clothes are really better to travel in than new ones, more comfortable

and less conspicuous. We hope this will reach you in time, for we hate to think of that seventeen-year-old bride starting out on her first journey looking like brides we have seen and some circus posters.

Ignorance, Bassett, Va.—You need no certificate to get a marriage license, the woman being of age. Ask the clerk who issues the license.

Black Eyes, Calhan, Col.—Don't take walks later than nine o'clock, and not always then. It is not very serious to extend your walk home at night around the block. Occasions of that sort are different from walking around at night just to be walking. There is really no harm in it, but it does not look well, and is apt to make talk.

Ignorance, West Union, O.—Posing as an artist's model is an honorable occupation. It may be made good or bad by the model herself. Artists do not object to complexion or size, if the skin is smooth and the size along artistic lines. One of New York's best known models a few years ago was over six feet tall.

Brown Eyes, Gettysburg, Pa.—The marks you ask about are caused by placing the mouth to the skin and drawing the blood to the surface. They are blue like a bruise, and remain for several days. Try it on your arm and see for yourself.

Blackberries, Martinsville, Ind.—Better wait till you are twenty-one before marrying. You will then not only have your parents' consent, but be of more suitable age. (2) You might give your sweetheart just one good by kiss if he is going very far away, but no more than one.

Pansy, Independence, Mo.—When you are in Rome do as the Romans do is what we are told is proper etiquette. Still, if you are not naturally rough and coarse, as you say those about you are, it is not right to be like them. Go away and live among more refined people. Either do that or organize a Young Woman's Culture Society and teach better modes of conduct.

Blue Bell, West Durham, N. C.—As people do not naturally introduce themselves to other people, there is no rule, and the manner must depend upon the circumstances making it necessary. See answer above to "Subscriber, Chanute, Kans.," about other introductions.

Sunshine, Pattison, Mo.—Either may take the other's arm. Arm-taking, however, except when there is necessity for it, is not the vogue as it once was. Unless two people want to get very close to each other they don't take arms. It is well to do so in crowded thoroughfares, or when one party needs the assistance of the other, but ordinarily they walk apart. You may do as you please.

Blue Bell, Fairbault, Minn.—It is not proper to accept over the telephone the attentions of a gentleman whom you have never met. But if you never let him come any nearer he can't do you much harm. (2) A lady does not accept the escort of a man she does not know, even if he has shown "signs of love." (3) Don't drink vinegar to reduce flesh. It will do more harm than good.

ST. ELMO

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 9.)

She drew the pastor's shrunken hand to her lips, and shook her head.

"Do not ask me to do that which my strength will not permit. There are many reasons why I ought not to come here again; and, moreover, my work calls me hence, to a distant field. My physical strength seems to be ebbing fast, and my mind is not all purple with mellow fruit. Some clusters, thank God! are fragrant, ripe, and ready for the wine-press, when the Angel of the Vintage comes to gather them in; but my work is only half done. Not until my fingers clasp white flowers under a pall, shall I be said of me. 'Yet a little sleep, a little slumber, a little folding of the hands to sleep.' The German idea of death is to me peculiarly comforting and touching. 'Helmgang'—going home. Ah, sir! humanity ought to be homesick; and in thinking of that mansion beyond the star-paved pathway of the sky, whither Jesus has gone to prepare our places, we children of earth should, like the Swiss, never lose our homesickness. Our bodies are of the dust—dusty, and bend downward; but our souls floated down from the sardonyx walls of the Everlasting City, and brought with them a yearning homesickness, which should help them to struggle back. Sometimes I am tempted to believe that the joys of this world are the true lotos, devouring which, mankind glory in exile, and forget the Helmgang. Oh! indeed, 'here we have no continuing city, but seek one to come.' Helmgang! Thank God! going home forever!"

Edna sat silent for some time, with her slender hands folded on her lap, and the pastor heard her softly repeating, as if to her own soul, those lines on "Life."

"A cry between the silences,
A shadow-birth of clouds at strife
With sunshine on the hills of life;
Between the cradle and the shroud,
A meteor's flight from cloud to cloud!"

Several hours later, when Mr. Leigh returned to the study, he found Edna singing some of the minister's favorite Scotch ballads; while Gertrude rested on the lounge, half propped on her elbow, and leaning forward to dangle the cord and tassel of her robe de chambre within reach of an energetic little blue-eyed kitten, which, with its paws in the air, rolled on the carpet, watching at its silken toy. The governess left the piano, and resumed her mending of the contents of the clothes-basket.

In answer to some inquiries of Mr. Hammond, Mr. Leigh gave a brief account of his travels in Southern Europe; but his manner was constrained, his thoughts evidently preoccupied. Once his eyes wandered to the round, rosy, dimpling face of his beautiful childwife, and he frowned, bit his lip, and sighed; while his gaze, earnest and mournfully anxious, returned and dwelt upon the weary but serene countenance of the orphan.

In the conversation, which had turned accidentally upon philology and the MSS. of the Vatican, Gertrude took no part; now and then glancing up at the speakers, she continued her romp with the kitten. At length, tired of her frolicsome pet, she rose with a half-suppressed yawn, and sauntered up to her husband's chair. Softly and lovingly her pretty little pink palms were passed over her husband's darkened brow, and her fingers drew his hair now on one side, now on the other, while she peeped over his shoulder to watch the effect of the arrangement.

The caresses were inopportune, her touch annoyed him. He shook it off, and, stretching out his arm, put her gently but firmly away, saying, coldly:

"There is a chair, Gertrude."

Edna's eyes looked steadily into his, with an expression of grave, sorrowful reproach—of expostulation; and the flush deepened on his face as his eyes fell before her rebuking gaze.

Perhaps the young wife had become accustomed to such rebuffs; at all events she evinced neither mortification nor surprise, but twirled her silk tassel vigorously around her finger, and exclaimed:

"Oh, Gordon! have you not forgotten to give Edna that letter written by the gentleman we met at Palermo? Edna, he paid your book some splendid compliments. I fairly clapped my hands at his praises—didn't I, Gordon?"

Mr. Leigh drew a letter from the inside pocket of his coat, and, as he gave it to the orphan, said, with a touch of bitterness in his tone:

"Pardon my negligence, probably you will find little news in it, as he is one of your old victims, and you can guess its contents."



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The letter was from Sir Roger; and while he expressed great grief at hearing, through Mr. Manning's notes, that her health was seriously impaired, he renewed the offer of his hand, and asked permission to come and plead his suit in person.

As Edna hurriedly glanced over the pages, and put them in her pocket, Gertrude said gayly, "Shame on you, Gordon! Do you mean to say, or, rather to insinuate, that all who read Edna's book are victimized?"

He looked at her from under thickening eyebrows, and replied with undisguised impatience:

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

This serial, weaving a romance of unusual interest around Edna Earl, a young girl, whose faith in God's eternal goodness remains firm, though her heart bleeds, when she loses all dear to her, her meeting with St. Elmo, his surprise at her expressed disapproval of his bitterness and hate, the trust he imposes, the promise he exacts, all this fascinatingly told, will interest our readers, and be continued with marked strength in the June number of COMFORT. If you are not a regular subscriber, or your subscription expires soon, do not fail to send in your renewal, and also one or more new subscribers at the present 15c yearly rate, as all old subscriptions are promptly removed on expiration. Read notice on another page. The price will soon be advanced. Back numbers of COMFORT cannot be furnished. Read our offer below.

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So many have expressed a wish to possess a copy of the famous story "ST. ELMO," in book form to preserve, or for the library, that we secured a trial thousand copies to give away as premiums, of an excellent 555-page, 37-chapter edition, printed on extra quality book paper from new, clear type, bound in cloth, with a very attractive half-tone cover portrait of both St. Elmo and Edna, with embossed title. This is a suitable presentation or library edition, worthy of any home. For a club of only 7 years, subscribers to COMFORT at 15c each, we will send you a copy of this beautiful book at our expense. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Orange Lily cures Leucorrhoea, Ulceration, Displacement, Painful Periods. For a free trial address, Mrs. H. L. Fretter, Detroit, Mich.

Three U. S. Government Books for Farmers

For the first time in our history the U. S. Government is advertising Books, so the Farmer can secure very valuable information on Horses, Sheep and Cattle at a very small cost. As will be seen by the advertisement on page 7, the Government desires to have its people living in rural districts reap all the advantages and gain all the knowledge about Stock Raising that is in its power to furnish them. "Uncle Sam" wants the Farmer to make more money, and has gotten up these books to teach you many things, and offers to let you have them at the bare cost of printing and binding. They are certainly great books for the money, and the Editor advises all of "COMFORT's" readers to either buy one or all of them, or, at least, to send for their complete list of Government books on special subjects. This is probably the only time this advertisement will be inserted here, so you better write at once.

W. F. Harnden established the first express company in the United States in 1839. He carried all the express matter in two carpet bags, and made \$600 the first year. The express companies now employ 35,000 men, clear millions every year, and four of them are capitalized at forty millions.

Famous Book Free to Every Reader

By special arrangement with Dr. W. O. Coffee, the well-known Eye and Ear Specialist, of Des Moines, Iowa, all readers of this paper can write to the doctor and get one of his new 128 page books Free of Charge.

This book tells all about the different Eye and Ear Diseases. Gives the symptoms and causes of each. How all ordinary Eye and Ear Troubles, including ordinary Catarrhs and Falling Eye Sight, can be cured at home by a simple and inexpensive method. Book tells all about how to live, diet, bath, exercise, and so forth, to prevent Eye and Ear Diseases and numerous other facts which everyone should know. If you want one of these books, simply write the Doctor a letter or postal card and mention this paper. The book will be sent by return mail, Free of Charge. Address Dr. W. O. Coffee, 843 Century Bldg., Des Moines, Iowa.

VISITING CARDS

Good quality, latest styles, with name neatly printed. 100 cards, printed, 10c per 100. For 100, \$1.00. W. P. HOWE, PRINTER, DEER PLAIN, VT.

\$10 Cash Paid

PER 1000 FOR CANCELLED VISITING CARDS. A. SCOTT, COHOS, N. Y.

Uncle Charlie's Poems—Sure cure for the blues, Uncle Charlie, care COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

WANTED AGENTS in each county to sell "Family Memorials." Good profits, steady work. Ad. Campbell & Co., 10 "A" St., Elgin Ill.

EXQUISITE LACE HAT, \$1.84

The very latest Paris style for spring and summer, 1907. Switchingly chic and pretty. Possesses a distinctive city style and charming tone.

In answer to some inquiries of Mr. Hammond, Mr. Leigh gave a brief account of his travels in Southern Europe; but his manner was constrained, his thoughts evidently preoccupied. Once his eyes wandered to the round, rosy, dimpling face of his beautiful childwife, and he frowned, bit his lip, and sighed; while his gaze, earnest and mournfully anxious, returned and dwelt upon the weary but serene countenance of the orphan.

In the conversation, which had turned accidentally upon philology and the MSS. of the Vatican, Gertrude took no part; now and then glancing up at the speakers, she continued her romp with the kitten. At length, tired of her frolicsome pet, she rose with a half-suppressed yawn, and sauntered up to her husband's chair. Softly and lovingly her pretty little pink palms were passed over her husband's darkened brow, and her fingers drew his hair now on one side, now on the other, while she peeped over his shoulder to watch the effect of the arrangement.

The caresses were inopportune, her touch annoyed him. He shook it off, and, stretching out his arm, put her gently but firmly away, saying, coldly:

"There is a chair, Gertrude."

Edna's eyes looked steadily into his, with an expression of grave, sorrowful reproach—of expostulation; and the flush deepened on his face as his eyes fell before her rebuking gaze.

Perhaps the young wife had become accustomed to such rebuffs; at all events she evinced neither mortification nor surprise, but twirled her silk tassel vigorously around her finger, and exclaimed:

"Oh, Gordon! have you not forgotten to give Edna that letter written by the gentleman we met at Palermo? Edna, he paid your book some splendid compliments. I fairly clapped my hands at his praises—didn't I, Gordon?"

Mr. Leigh drew a letter from the inside pocket of his coat, and, as he gave it to the orphan, said, with a touch of bitterness in his tone:

"Pardon my negligence, probably you will find little news in it, as he is one of your old victims, and you can guess its contents."

Farmers' Sons Wanted with knowledge of farm stock and fair education to work in an office, \$60 a month with advancement, steady employment, must be honest and reliable. Branch offices of the association are being established in each state. Apply at once, giving full particulars. The Veterinary Science Association, Dept. 12, London, Canada.

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Red, White and Blue Bells FOR MEMORIAL DAY.

The 30th of May brings another Memorial Day, when proper remembrance of the brave soldier dead for our country, who participated in the events of '61-'66, and in addition to former available decorative material we offer these beautiful soft-toned Red, White and Blue Bells for decorative purposes. These Bells may also be had in plain Red, or Violet and White, but the typical symbol of patriotism is the Red, White and Blue, and next to the Stars and Stripes this Bell is most desirable. These Bells can be suspended in the house or out of doors for ornamentation, nothing in the decorative line can equal the beauty of these handsome bells.

For Memorial Day and Fourth of July you should have one or more paper Bell Liberty Bells, Red, White and Blue or plain Red, with loop for hanging from the window fastening. Hung under a hanging lamp, or in any suitable place where decorations are usually placed they will add cheer and brilliancy to the room, particularly in the sick room as they are made of rich colored paper ingeniously folded into the prettiest bell eighteen inches in circumference and six inches high, as shown in our illustration, and being nearly as proof, may be kept hanging for months. We have a special quantity of these Bells made to fold compactly for sending away by mail, so that all may have one just as the people do who live in the larger cities where one sees them hanging in nearly every home.

Send us only six cents for part cost of packing and postage and we will send you one Bell with our large premium catalogue, just as interest you in our immense line of useful premiums all free. Address COMFORT, Box R, Augusta, Maine.

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Beautiful A Pair of Lace Curtains. Adjustable Reclining Chair.

It is made of the finest Oak and 60 arranged by a simple device in the back that it can be adjusted to either a lounging or upright position. It is the most useful and popular Easy Chair on the market. They seem to just fit the tired body after a busy day's work. In fact it fits one's every mood. We are giving these Chairs away as Premiums for selling our Remedies.

Lace Curtains Free. Sell only six Electric Plasters at 25c. each, which we trust you will use and we will send you a pair of these elegant Nottingham Lace Curtains, each Curtain nine feet

long so you get six yards of Curtains in the pair, and as they are four feet wide for the two, they gather up nicely and furnish elegant drapery for even the very broad windows. In fact in many instances one pair would do for several windows, and what any one needs to adorn the home with. Every one of taste will tell you that there is nothing which "dresses up" a room so much as a pair of lace curtains. The finest effects are obtained by these draperies. They show from the outside as well as from the inside. They are of the real Italian pattern and formerly sold as high as six or eight dollars a pair. They are delivered free to you, all charges paid. Don't fail to send for the six Plasters-to-day, as soon as you sell them and send us the \$1.00 you get the Curtains and learn all about the Morrissey Chair free inducement. It will surprise you in liberal value. We do not give the Curtains and Chair for nothing. We are giving you liberal, honest and straightforward offer ever put out. We are paying our agents over two dollars for selling only one dollar's worth of goods in order to get them advertised. We want to prove there is a sure prevention and cure for Lame Back, Rheumatism, La Grippe, Coughs, Colds, Pneumonia, Malaria, etc., etc. Send for the Plasters to-day. Address The Giant Plaster Co., Box C, Augusta, Maine.

Grandfather's Cure for Constipation

GREAT medicine,—the Sawbuck. Two hours a day sawing wood will keep anyone's Bowels regular.

No need of pills, Cathartics, Castor Oil, nor "Physic," if you'll only work the Sawbuck regularly.

* * *

Exercise is Nature's Cure for Constipation and,—a Ten-Mile walk will do, if you haven't got a wood-pile.

But, if you will take your Exercise in an Easy Chair, there's only one way to do that, because,—there's only one kind of Artificial Exercise for the Bowels and its name is "CASCARETS."

Cascarets are the only means to exercise the Bowel Muscles without work.

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They don't Purge, Grip, nor "upset your Stomach," because they don't act like "Physics."

They don't flush out your Bowels and Intestines with a costly waste of Digestive Juice, as Salts, Castor Oil, Calomel, Jalap, or Aperient Waters always do.

No—Cascarets strengthen and stimulate the Bowel Muscles, that line the Food passages and that tighten up when food touches them, thus driving the food to its finish.

A Cascaret acts on your Bowel Muscles as if you had just sawed a cord of wood, or walked ten miles.

Cascarets move the Food Naturally, digesting it without waste of tomorrow's Gastric Juice.

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The thin, flat, Ten-Cent Box is made to fit your Vest pocket, or "My Lady's" Purse. Druggists—10 Cents a Box.

Carry it constantly with you and take a Cascaret whenever you suspect you need one.

Be very careful to get the genuine made only by the Sterling Remedy Company, and never sold in bulk. Every tablet stamped "CCC."



Talks with Girls

Conducted by Cousin Marion

In order that each cousin may be answered in this column, no cousin must ask more than three questions in one month.

NOW, dears, May has really come, and the frosts of old Winter are all thawed out and we should be thawed out ourselves and feel genial and bright, and warm and sunny towards all the world. Maybe you think the world does not warm to you, and you don't owe it anything, but turn your sunny side to it and see what a difference it makes. However, I can't take up too much time in talking to you when you want to talk to me, so here we come to our work.

The first cousin in the list this month is Cousin Clara of Pattison, Miss., who wants to know why it isn't just as wrong for an engaged girl to kiss or be kissed, as it is for one who is not, for, she says, there is many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip. Cousin Clara may be right in theory, but practice overthrows that, and engaged couples are simply bound to kiss and be kissed. While I shall continue to protest against promiscuous kissing, I will not say a word against the girl who kisses her sweetheart honestly believing that she will be his wife. So there. And if Cousin Clara doesn't want to be kissed before she is married she doesn't have to.

Subscriber, New Albany, Miss.: Don't accept him till he tells you he loves you, and if he loves you he can't help telling you so.

Violet, Springfield, Mo.: Let him call you "endearing names" in his letters, but don't you call him any in yours. They never look well in black and white.

Sunflower, Lancaster, Ky.: It was quite right to accept a ring from the young man, and he ought to come to see you at least once a week, even if he does live fifteen miles away. If he is the right kind of a man don't "bounce" him though your father tells you to. You are of age and may do as you please. But be sure the young man is all right.

Blue Old Girl, Pitt, Ala.: Put no confidence in dreams. It just happened that you dreamed about the man who loved you and married another. You are thinking about him too much. Get somebody else to think about, as he did.

Jack, Freehold, N. J.: "Aquarelle" means water-color—on a post card or anywhere else. Isn't there a dictionary in Freehold? (2) Write him and tell him when the weather is so bad as to keep him away, he can come some other evening. He should have written to you. (3) You may wear any colors if they are not too pronounced.

Mary, Charlestown, W. Va.: You did quite right and should feel no regret.

Brown Eyes, Benson, Ill.: Why shouldn't you obey your mother? Especially when the man she objects to has treated you as a gentleman never treats a lady. You mind your mother and teach the young man some manners by snubbing him.

R. A. R., Parkersburg, N. C.: Better wait till you are twenty-one before you marry. (2) If the young man does not answer your letter, forget him, as he has forgotten you. If a man loves you he is not going to be nice one time and neglect you another. When they do that, they don't care.

Long Valley Belle, Roseberry, Idaho: See answer above to Cousin Clara about kissing. (2) Wait till you are twenty-one to marry. School is for you now.

Greenhorn and Heartbroken, Troutmans, N. C.: White slippers are very nice for summer wear for young ladies, if they are kept clean. (2) Mind your mothers. When you are twenty-one you may assert yourselves, but not before. (3) My advice is not to exchange photographs, but you may do as you please.

Darling Edith, Dayville, Ore.: Most girls like to have their "pick" out of the boys they know, and it is right, if they pick the proper one. (2) Ask your mother how long you should stay out at night.

Lonely Kitty, Ladd, Ill.: You write a good letter, Kitty, and if you talk as well, I shouldn't think you would be troubled about lack of beaux. Or maybe you talk too well? If I were you, I wouldn't bother a minute about "Jim" or any other fellow, or girl, and if they cut me out, I'd go chaffing along. A bright, independent girl is sure to be popular, and the less "favorites" she has the better time she will have. Smile awhile on Dick, Tom and Harry and watch the effect on your beloved "Jim."

Blue Eyes, Sparta, Mich.: You are quite too young to be listening to love talk, and should ask the young man to wait till you are through school. By all means stop the kissing.

L. D. S., Dunlap, Ia.: If you are unhappy at home because of bad treatment and can work elsewhere, then do so. As for the young man, in two years you will be of age and can do as you please. Marry him then, and have a home of your own.

Daisy, Creston, Wash.: No kissing. (2) The young man has no right to ask you how many sweethearts you have had. It is none of his business, and that you are his now should be enough for him. (3) You may go to the young man's home on the invitation of his mother or sister.

Black Eyes, Topeka, Kans.: If she doesn't love anyone else and thinks she loves the man, and he is worthy, she might not miss it by marrying him. Still, a woman ought to know whether she loves a man or not, though many women have married in doubt and never repented.

Rosy Cheek, Gay City, Ind.: Be cheery and bright to him and if he likes you he will come your way. But don't force yourself upon him. (2) Curling Irons will make the hair wavy, or putting it up in papers. (3) It is proper to walk with the young man if he is the right kind for a girl to go with.

Strawberry, Camp Hill, S. C.: I can't help you, and don't believe I would if I could. You drove the young fellow away and you must get him back yourself if you can. (2) You may acknowledge receipt of a post card by letter if you want to.

Oliver, Jacksonville, Ill.: The only meaning I know why a man should address a letter in upper left-hand corner is that he didn't know where the address should be written. And the same about postage stamps.

Somebody's Sweetheart, Mt. Vernon, Mo.: A young man can court as many girls as will let him, but he can't really love more than one. That kind of a man can't really love one, I think. (2) Wear any colors; but reds, if not too pronounced, would probably set off your brown eyes and hair better. (3) No, she shouldn't have that many unless she is out of school.

Blue-eyed Lilly, North Platte, Neb.: The best way to cure a man whose manners are so bad as that is not to let him come to see you at all. The gentlemen of my acquaintance do not act as he does. There should not be different gentlemen in North Platte. Or, if there are, you should not know them.

Marion, Minneapolis, Minn.: The young man is of the neglectful type, who make the worst husbands in the world to live with. He may have excellent habits and be a good provider, but a man to be a husband to live with must be more than that. Don't marry him unless you want to live a loveless life.

Sad Heart, Leesville, Ind.: I don't think the young man loves you at all, and cares for you only to flirt with when it suits him. Doesn't he treat you that way? He certainly doesn't act very much as if he loved you. If I were you, I wouldn't let myself be too fond of him, and would look around for someone who really meant what he said.

There, dears, your questions are answered, and I am glad that most of them are answered as you want them to be. I don't like to cast shadows in the springtime. Now, by, by, till the June roses bud and blossom.

COUSIN MARION.

ADVICE TO RHEUMATICS

Noted Physician Tells How to Prevent and Cure Rheumatism, Kidney and Bladder Troubles.

(By Geo. Edmund Flood, M. D.)

If you would avoid Rheumatism and Kidney and Bladder Troubles, be moderate in the consumption of heavy, rich foods, substitute as far as possible soups, broths, fresh milk, and drink water—lots of water. Take plenty of time to eat, and don't eat after you have had enough, even if it does taste good. If your work is confining take a moderate amount of exercise each day in the open air.

Of course, neither diet, water, rest nor exercise will cure these afflictions. I advise them as preventives only. For the benefit of the readers of this article who are now afflicted with Rheumatism, Kidney, Bladder or Urinary trouble, and desire to be cured quickly, I give below, complete in every detail, the famous prescription which has made me so successful in the treatment of these diseases. It is the most certain cure for these diseases that I have ever used. It is pleasant to take, it is not expensive, it can be filled by any druggist, and I believe it is the greatest prescription for Rheumatism, Kidney and Bladder Trouble ever written. It is also a valuable spring tonic and blood purifier. If you are a sufferer, save this, take it to your druggist and have it filled, or get the ingredients and mix them at home.

Fluid Extract Cascara Aromatic, 1/4 ounce.
Concentrated Barkola Compound, 1 ounce.
Fluid Extract Prickly Ash Bark, 1/2 drachm.
Aromatic Elixir, 4 ounces.

Adult dose, take one teaspoonful after meals and at bedtime; children, one-fourth to one-half teaspoonful after meals.

After you are cured follow the advice I have given you in regard to diet, exercise and water, and you will not need the services of a physician again for these ailments.

Other papers are privileged to copy.

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Write to any one of these people asking them to tell you about their case and ask them also to frankly and honestly advise you about placing yourself in my hands for treatment. I am financially responsible and refer you to the Farmers Bank of Kansas City or to the publisher of this paper.

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Granulated lids?..... Cataracts?.....
Headache?..... Headache?.....
Any growth on eyeball next to nose?..... Mucous?.....

EARS Are you deaf?..... Both ears?.....
How long deaf?.....
Ringing or buzzing?.....
Earache?..... Does wax form?.....
Ever had Scarlet Fever?.....
Ears discharge?.....
Throat sore?.....
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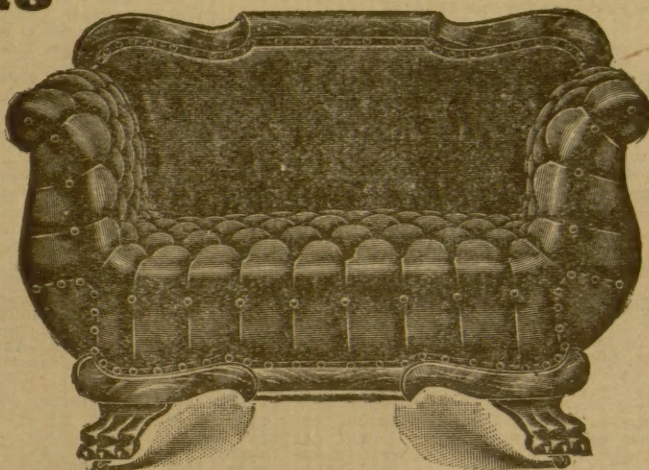
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